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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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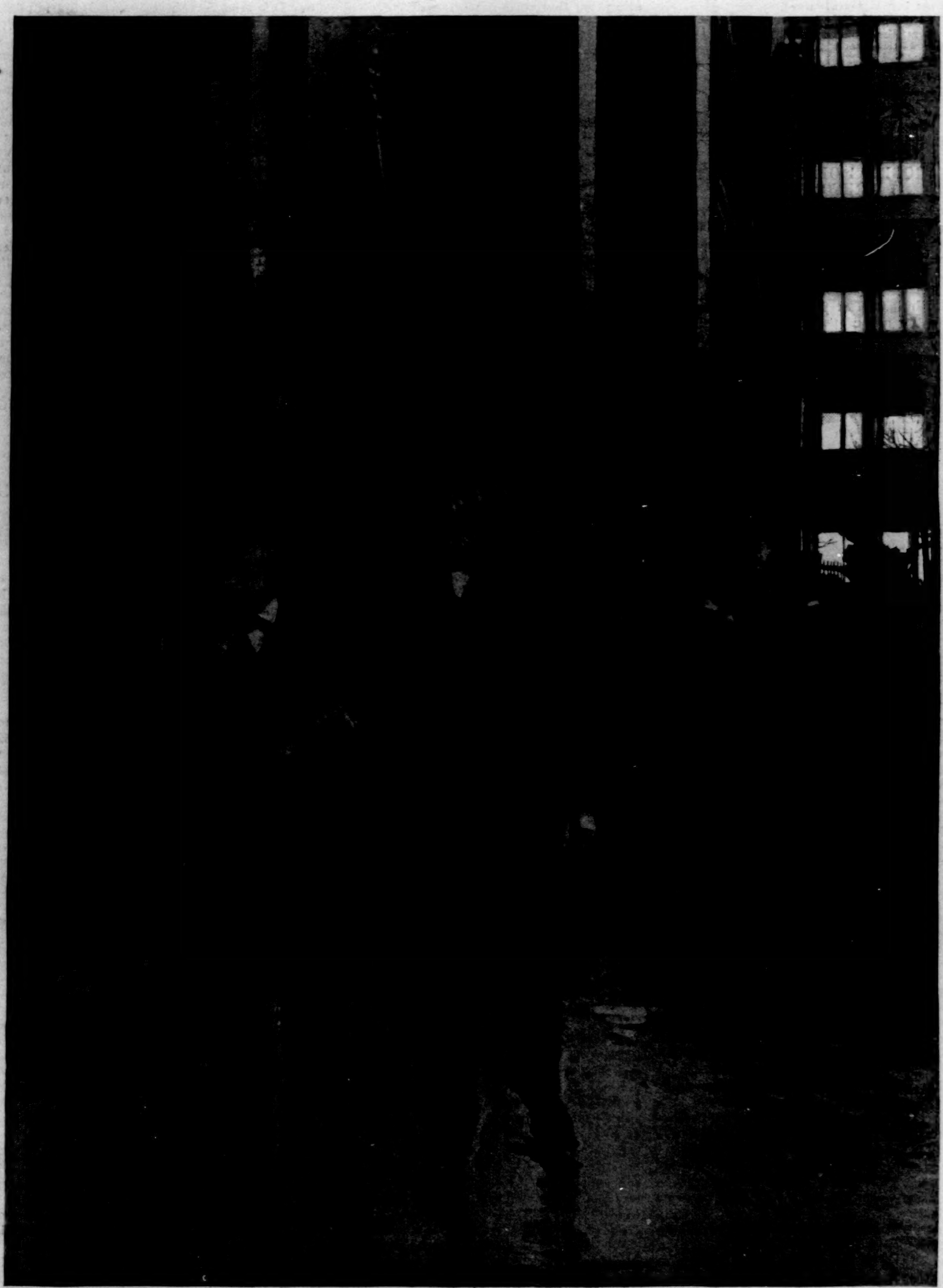

"THEY SPED ALONG, SIDE BY SIDE."

[SEE NEW SERIAL STORY "HIS FATHER'S SON," BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, PAGE 660.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 13, 1895.

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THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

ONE of the most hopeful signs of improvement in our governments, national, State, and municipal, as well as in our political life generally, is the fact that the obstacles in the way of that reform, which narrows the area of patronage and puts public office under the merit system, are steadily diminishing. The public sentiment which deprecates the use of public office as spoil, and demands that in appointments the public interest shall be the ruling consideration, has spread wonderfully within the last year or two, and it may well be said that the popular way of thinking, engendered by long habit, which dignified the spoils system with the name of an American institution, is dying away with unexpected rapidity. The professional politicians, to whom the enjoyment or the distribution of official spoils forms the only means of sustenance, are still struggling to keep the vicious old notions alive; and their teachings are still finding belief with a number of persons similarly interested. Thus the militant period of the career of civil service reform is not yet closed, but as the fight progresses it becomes easier, and the conquests of the reform grow more extensive from day to day.

One of the most artful and stubborn objections which civil service reform had to overcome was the assertion that while it was right in theory, it was practically applicable only to a comparatively small number of subordinate places. In this respect the old adage that "where there is a will there is a way" has again been splendidly vindicated. Not a few of those who in public position have the power of appointment to exercise have of late become convinced, and have publicly expressed that conviction, that "patronage" is not a boon to be desired, but a burden to him who dispenses it, and a curse to the public service. And as soon as they reached that conclusion they found that the application of the civil service rules to large classes of places, which formerly it was thought absolutely necessary to exempt from them, turned out to be perfectly practicable. When the reformed system was first introduced in the national service, it was thought, for instance, that it would never do to subject the position of chief of division in the different government departments to the competitive rule. Even at the beginning of the present administration this notion still prevailed. But the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. MORTON, recently declared his desire that this very thing be done in his department; and there was not the slightest difficulty in doing it. In fact, the rule has been extended over every place in that department except those of the Secretary and of his immediate assistants, and of some laborers of low degree. It is to be expected that the same extension of the rule will take place in every government department before President CLEVELAND leaves office. Likewise it was thought that the government printing-office, which has long served as one of the main dumping-grounds on which Congressmen deposited persons "to be taken care of," was in the nature of things unfit for the application of the civil service law. But the chief of that office, thoroughly tired of the annoyances which the spoils-hunters inflicted upon him, saw in civil service reform his own salvation as well as that of the efficiency of the establishment, and then every doubt as to the applicability of the rules speedily vanished. And thus the number of places rescued from the ravages of the spoils system was by a few strokes of the pen increased by thousands. It will shortly be still more increased by bringing the local government of the District of Columbia under the civil service rules, as requested by the District commissioners themselves.

The experience in the State and municipal services, wherever the reformed system has been applied, is the same. In the State of New York the mandatory civil service clause of the new Constitution has greatly strengthened the onward movement. The rules have been, or are being, extended over almost all the subordinate places in the State and in the large cities, and the exceptions are constantly growing less. It is amusing to observe how one after another the objections which used to be made to such extensions are exploded. One of the strongest of these objections consisted in the allegation that certain positions were of a confidential character, and could be satisfactorily filled only by the appointing officers themselves upon a most careful personal inquiry into the character and the special qualifications of the candidates, which could not possibly be ascertained by any sort of competitive examination. In the case of one of our city commissions it turned out upon close investigation that almost all the candidates so selected were personally entirely unknown to the commissioners, and had been taken upon the mere recommendation of political district leaders. Thus it was conclusively shown that this objection to the application of the civil service rule was only the shallow pretence of the spoils-jobber. The civil service commissions, State and municipal, now manned with conscientious and energetic men, and faithfully sustained by the Governor and the principal municipal officers, are making short work of such subterfuges, and so-called "confidential" positions are now filled under the operation of the civil service law with more trustworthy men than ever before. In the city of Chicago, where the competitive system has recently been introduced by virtue of a popular vote—a reform victory of incalculable value—it begins to work with the same result.

It is reported that Mr. OLNEY, the new Secretary of State in the national government, has, after a short experience, satisfied himself that the extension of the civil service system over the consular service is urgently demanded by the public interest. If this is his sincere belief, he will not find it difficult to devise a set of proper rules to govern appointments and promotions in that branch of the governmental machinery, and we trust he will have the powerful aid of President CLEVELAND in introducing them by executive action, even without an act of Congress bearing upon that subject. In the same way should the new Postmaster-General, Mr. WILSON, devise and adopt effective regulations for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters to govern his own exercise of the appointing power. Once introduced and strictly maintained during the remainder of this Presidential term, the system would hardly be upset by any succeeding administration, for public sentiment, as it is now developing, would not permit any such step backward.

We may now confidently say that civil service reform has passed its critical stage. While it still must be fought for, it has not lost any advance once made, excepting the recent success won by the spoils politicians of Massachusetts in the guise of a benefit to the war veterans. But the self-respecting people of that State will, it is to be hoped, not permit that exception to stand. On the whole, the reform has achieved gains so great, and it has evidently grown so much in popular favor, that, the desperate efforts of the political bosses and machines notwithstanding, its ultimate triumph is no longer doubtful.

THE CURRENCY STRUGGLE.

IT ought to be apparent to the intelligent politicians of both parties that they can settle the currency controversy before the Presidential campaign. At least they can put an end to the attempt to compel the government to coin all the silver that may be offered at its mints at the ratio of 16 to 1. They can save the country from the tremendous expense involved in such an effort to bull the price of silver, and they can keep us in the company of the great commercial nations that are using gold and that show no sign of desiring to use silver. There is a good deal more to be done, of course, before the money question can be settled, and, in one form or another, the issue is likely to be important for years to come. Indeed, the State Democracy, at a recent meeting, advanced several propositions of currency reform which must be considered and met when the danger of the free coinage of silver is over. But, whatever is to happen in the future, the first thing to be accomplished is the defeat of those who are struggling to secure the adoption of silver monometallism through free and independent coinage. Their schemes finally at rest, our banking system can be reformed, and our great variety of government paper can be disposed of in ways that may or may not commend themselves to the wisest bankers or statesmen, but which will be free at least from the dread of a false, depreciated, and fluctuating standard of values.

Two recent conventions have indicated clearly that the silver heresy may be set at rest in both parties. At the convention of the Republican League at Cleveland the silver men not only did not secure a resolution favoring free coinage, but they did not make a serious attempt to secure one. It is true that the convention did not dare to discuss the question, and that it ran away from it in a manner that showed either that each side was fearful of defeat, or that the honest-money men did not want to drive the silver men out of the party by a too pronounced resolution against free coinage. But, unsatisfactory as this was, it was a victory, for last year the silver men dominated the convention of the league, and Senator DUBOIS threatened to secure a free-coinage resolution this year. Since the adjournment of the convention, too, the free-coinage newspapers have manifested deep gratitude that nothing worse than silence happened to their side. When a body of men who in years gone by have been in the habit of manifesting such a deference to the silver sentiment as to at least proclaim a "friendly feeling" for the white metal begin to show a wholesome fear of the honest-money side, a skirmish at least has been won. A year ago this league of Republican clubs did not dare disobey the orders of the silver men, and would have considered a refusal to speak a "good word for silver" as political suicide. The aggressiveness of the free-coinage men, and especially the mine-owners and their Senators, compelled many a politician who really believed in honest money to conceal his convictions. But this aggressiveness was carried too far. It finally aroused into speech and action men who are aware of the danger to the country involved in the free-coinage movement, and now the politicians are conscious that there are some other votes to be considered besides those that are cast by the dependents or dupes of the mine-owners. If this much has been accomplished without any courage or leadership on the part of those who are at the head of the Republican party, how much can be attained through the exercise of these virtues by the public men who have been too long trifling with their consciences for the votes that were thus to be saved!

Much more significant was the action of the Democratic convention of Kentucky, because its result was a clear victory for honest money and against the free coinage of silver. A year ago Kentucky was regarded as a silver State. Its own politicians believed that the people agreed with Senator BLACKBURN rather than with Secretary CARLISLE. HARDIN was the first man to announce himself as candidate for Governor, and BLACKBURN declared that he was a candidate for re-election to the Senate. Both of them are politicians who try to be on the popular side. They have no convictions of their own, and for years they have practised the art of finding out what the people of Kentucky believe. They concluded that Kentucky was for the free coinage of silver, and they have found that they were mistaken. Not only are the Republicans against them, but they have been defeated in the convention of their own party. It seems certain now that BLACKBURN cannot be reelected to the Senate, and he himself attributes his defeat to the honest-money speeches which Mr. CARLISLE made in the State just before the primaries for the election of delegates to the convention were held.

The different results obtained at these two conventions show the value of strenuous and aggressive effort. The result in Kentucky was obtained by hard work. The Democrats there had the advantage of able and courageous leadership. It probably seems to most readers of newspapers that the Democrats of Kentucky had been misrepresented and were always opposed to free coinage; that they were only waiting for Mr. CLEVELAND or Mr. CARLISLE to tell them how they ought to resolve. But this is very far from being the truth in Kentucky or in any part of the West or South. The minds of the people, and especially of the farmers, of those two sections have been appealed to in behalf of silver for many years, and the politicians of both parties, who know better, have been too cowardly, or too regardful of their own politi-

cal interests, to utter a strong word in opposition to the silver men, who have persistently threatened all who opposed them with the loss of their support. That they were never really in earnest in this is now shown by their gratitude to the Cleveland convention for saying nothing about silver, and by the refusal of Senator HARRIS and the other silver Democrats who recently met at Memphis to desert their party and to assist in the formation of a silver party. But, although the leaders are insincere, the poison which they have been administering for a number of years has infected honest minds, and to turn these minds back to the truth will be a difficult but a possible task.

The result was gained in Kentucky not only by the courage of Mr. CLEVELAND and the skill of Mr. CARLISLE, but by other agencies that have been at work for several months. The honest-money men of Kentucky were well organized, and the State was flooded with honest-money literature. We have already stated that the Sound-Currency Committee of the Reform Club had issued more than 800,000 copies of documents. It has also circulated, or prepared for circulation, 280,000 copies of Mr. CARLISLE'S speeches. This is one agency only, but doubtless the one that is best organized and equipped for the work. What it has done in behalf of its principles indicates why public opinion is changing in States that have been counted on as certain to favor free coinage. If the Republican convention at Cleveland was timid, it is because Republican leaders have been timid and non-committal, or worse. The Democratic convention in Kentucky was bold because it was boldly led, and because the Democratic voters had been abundantly supplied with arguments against free coinage. There is no reason to believe that the result in the Cleveland convention would have been different from that in the Kentucky gathering if there had been as earnest efforts made in the one as in the other. And if so much has been accomplished by the work that has been done, it ought to be clear, as we said at the beginning of this article, that more and harder work in the same direction will settle the money issue of to-day in both parties before the Presidential campaign. What is especially needed is some Republican with as much courage as Mr. CLEVELAND and as much expository capacity as Mr. CARLISLE to take the leadership of his party. If such a man can be found, and if he can have the support and co-operation of such an organization as that which has aided Mr. CARLISLE by the distribution of his speeches in Kentucky and other Southern States, there can be little doubt that the result which we have suggested will be brought about.

THE REPUBLIC AND PATRIOTISM.

IN a recent review article Professor MAHAFFY, of Trinity College, Dublin, notes the tendency of the patriotism of the British Empire towards provincialism. The Canadians and the Australasians love the empire for the material profit it is to them. The Irish are for Ireland, as a matter of course, and the Scotch and the Welsh are not British so much as they are Scotchmen and Welshmen.

The question suggested by the professor's article is interesting. Is all patriotism materialistic? Is there nothing spiritual in it? Do we love our country because of the gain that we can make under the flag about which we talk so much, when we often certainly mean so little? The mere asking of these questions will, we are sure, awaken indignation in the minds of men who have never given evidence of understanding what true patriotism is, but who would doubtless fight for their country as bravely as the bravest. And yet fighting for one's country is not the highest test of patriotism, and many a man who has endured the baptism of fire has returned to his home to use his best endeavors to circumvent the government and to coin his sacrifices into money.

There has recently been raised up a standard or test of patriotism in this country, which is quite as mean and materialistic as is the provincial patriotism of the colonists of the British Empire. The American Jingo does not recognize any one as a patriot who does not believe in an aggressive foreign policy. Now an aggressive foreign policy means a land-grabbing policy, and he who believes in it, and who holds to it as the supreme duty of American administrations, can satisfy his patriotic sentiments only through the gratification obtained by seizing something, adding something to the national domain, or by making a glorious bombastic show of the power of the American republic, to the end that American citizens shall be able to procure anything they want through the well-established fear that foreign countries entertain of us. And this feeling is sordid and mean, and quite on a par, as we have already said, with the provincial patriotism which is said to obtain in Great Britain, and which, in our own land, once put the State and its slaves above the nation and its free government.

The Jingoes, however, have always been in the minority in this country, and we believe that they are in the minority now. Patriotism means something more, we trust, to the majority of American citizens. If the republic has a different meaning than the old monarchies, if it bears a new message to the world, and has a mission which is in harmony with advancing civilization, it ought to signify and to teach the blessings of universal peace. Under the influences of republican institutions, men ought to learn that patriotism is best shown in increasing the nation's glory in the arts of peace, and in that development which makes men humbler and better, rather than in the fostering of hatred and the stimulation of greed. If the republic does not teach that lesson it is difficult to see how it is any improvement on the world-conquering monarchy it drove from these shores.

BICYCLES AND LEGISLATION.

THE vexed question of the rights of bicycle riders on public highways bids fair to become one of the stock problems of civilization. To the local city father and the rural legislator it has opened up a boundless field of intellectual activity, a field in which we may expect to see the bucolic mind indulging itself in the most surprising and eccentric gyrations without let or hinderance. Already there is a very fair crop of bills on the subject, but the season in the Western Legislatures has evidently been a backward one, and it is feared that the general average may indicate a shortage. In this emergency it is gratifying to reflect that foreign ideas are still on the free list, and some recent suggestions on the subject from the Paris *Figaro* may possibly serve as seed-corn for future experiments. Among other needed reforms the *Figaro* proposes that all pedestrians shall be duly numbered and registered, and that they shall be compelled to ring a bell or blow a horn when crossing a street or meeting a bicycle on a public road. At night all unmounted citizens shall wear a lantern depending from the neck by means of a stout cord, and be furnished with the regulation red sidelights. No citizen shall proceed at a faster rate than one mile in two hours while within the city limits, and this provision will particularly apply to messenger-boys and people who are in the habit of attending local conflagrations. Any pedestrian who gets knocked down by a bicycle shall be mulcted in a heavy amount for the first offence, and for the second he shall be transported for life to a mountainous district. It is hoped that a strict compliance with these regulations may do away with the annoyance and danger now attending the use of the bicycle.

There is perhaps one view of the question that is entitled to serious consideration. The bicycle has an undoubted right to the use of public highways, but there is no reason why the riders should not observe the rules of the road, especially in passing ordinary vehicles from behind. Horses that have become perfectly accustomed to meeting bicycles may yet be startled by the sudden apparition of a rider who comes up noiselessly from behind and whizzes past *on the wrong side*. There is no excuse for this sort of thing, and riders and drivers may be justified in resenting it. Any road is wide enough if it is bounded by courtesy and good-will.

AMERICAN SOCIAL CHANGES.

YOUNG people who study American history in these present and brighter days have a great advantage over the students of an earlier generation. They have the advantage that for them the new historian "holds as 'twere the mirror up to nature," and they can see before them the real life of their country as shown in its daily conditions, such as those among which they themselves move and have their being.

Among the men who have thus clothed with flesh and blood the dry bones of American history the most recent is Mr. JAMES FORD RHODES, with his third volume carrying the history of the United States down to the capture of New Orleans in 1862. But while the great events which it records are familiar as household words, its merit also lies in its description of the social conditions and manners of the decade preceding the outbreak of the civil war.

We are apt to think of history rather as a series of startling episodes and great events than as a continuous record of progress. Yet not even the great tragedy of the civil war is more startling than the contemplation of the vast interval which separates the American society of to-day from the society he describes. It is a period easily within the memory of living men, and yet we of to-day are further removed from it than it is from the period of the Revolution.

It was a period of simpler lives, of more modest fortunes, of more general equality of condition, of ruder manners, of easier intercourse and acquaintanceship, of nearer homogeneity of race, of a frankness which would not now be tolerated—in brief, of a cruder civilization. As described by the historian with the aid of contemporary authority, it reads like a story of another age and a different people. We are much wiser now; we are undoubtedly much richer; society has gained in polish, arts, letters, and manners have improved. Our gilded youth have stronger bodies, and the boastful bumptiousness of the earlier time has given place to a self-respect that indicates sterling worth. The significance of Mr. RHODES'S graphic picture is that the sound and wholesome features of American society have survived the war, and that, while society of to-day has its deplorable vices, the rawness and vulgarity of the elder day are at least not now so ostentatious.

PRESERVE THE NEW ORDER.

THE importance of the change which has taken place in our municipal affairs must have been strongly borne in upon a good many people when they read a few days ago an address of machine Republicans on Mayor STRONG'S alleged turpitude. A year ago this address would not have awakened serious discussion. It would have been regarded as the natural outpouring of the kind of politicians whom we then permitted to rule us. The depth of depravity which it revealed would have been recognized by a few only, and they would not have deemed it worth their while to call it to the attention of their supine fellow-citizens. The address was based on the assumption that the city government ought to be administered as the private property of the party to which the Mayor or other appointing power belongs.

Before the uprising of last year the offices were CROKER'S to do with as he would. Tammany ran the city as a money-making machine, and made use of the laws for the purposes of blackmail and extortion. It is evident from the address that its authors believe that with the election of Mayor STRONG this power should have been transferred to PLATT, or, what is the same thing, to PLATT'S machine. In concluding this remarkable paper these Republicans speak of the Mayor's failure to use the patronage of his office for the support of the PLATT machine as "a shameless exhibition of lack of moral sense and absence of personal or official integrity by New York's highest official." They add, "Such a spectacle has never before been presented in an enlightened community by a civilized man."

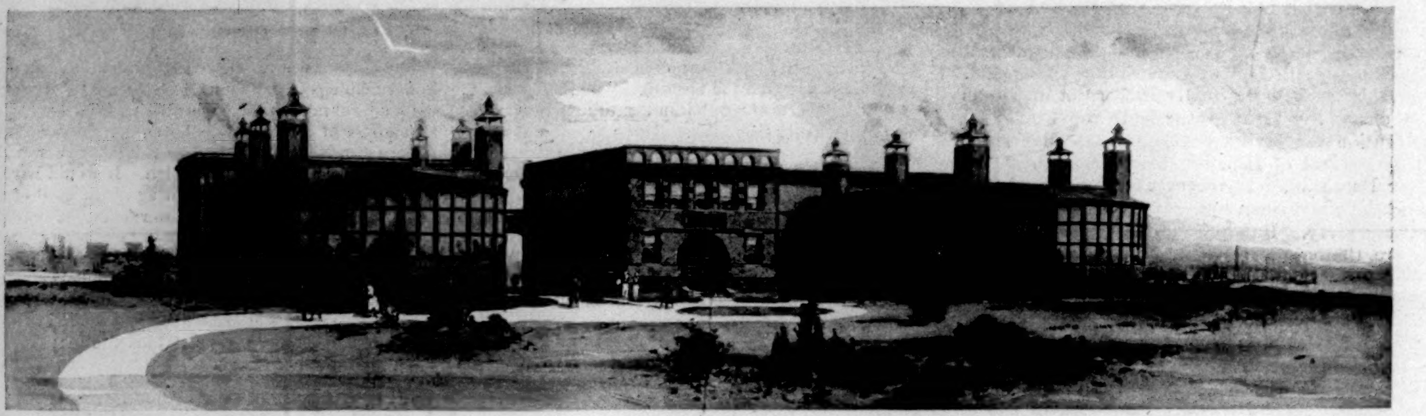
The real charge against Mayor STRONG is that he assured PLATT that he was as good a Republican as the "boss" himself. Upon this the power of removal bill was enacted. But the treacherous STRONG, after agreeing not to remove KERWIN and MURRAY, did remove them. He also removed the Republican police justices, appointed PLATT'S enemy, BROOKFIELD, Commissioner of Public Works, and FRANCIS M. SCOTT, a State Democrat, as Corporation Counsel. He committed other crimes against PLATT, whose friends say that they had entered into agreements with the Mayor that the city should be administered in the interest of the Republican machine.

The authors of the address will find it difficult to convince the people of New York that Mayor STRONG made any such agreements as they charge him with. They do not know it, but such agreements themselves are corrupt bargains, and all who join in them are equally incriminated. If Mr. PLATT and Mr. LAUTERBACH, or any other machine leaders, contracted with Mayor STRONG that they would procure the passage of a power of removal bill in consideration of his turning over the powers and revenues of the city to them and theirs, they were as corrupt as the Mayor. And if the Mayor was betrayed into making such a shameful bargain, he simply did his duty if he violated the agreement.

It is difficult to comprehend the kind of mind that brought forth an indictment against the Mayor charging him with turpitude because he declined to carry out a wicked agreement to surrender the trust that the people reposed in him to a lot of political hucksters, to be used for their own profit. That is the crime which the people of the city punished by the defeat of Tammany and the election of Mayor STRONG; and as Mayor STRONG is a conscientious man, and one who is fully aware of the nature and obligations of a trust, it is impossible to believe that the indictment is true. Whether it is true or not, however, it sufficiently demonstrates the moral degradation of its authors.

As we have already said, this address would have been quiescently received a year ago, but now it comes with a shock. The campaign which resulted in Mayor STRONG'S election and the signal triumph over the forces of corruption has been followed by a moral awakening. The city is not what it used to be. Whether it ever returns to the vicious state in which it was is for its own best citizens to determine. Whatever Mayor STRONG'S shortcomings may be, he has so conducted his office that great good has been achieved, and a new civic feeling is beginning to pervade the city. Clean streets, an energetic and honest police commission, police justices of intelligence, training, and character mark his administration as the most beneficent which the city has enjoyed since before Tammany became a political power. Mayor STRONG represents opposition to CROKER and PLATT. It is a matter of indifference which of these worthies may rule us. The one is as hostile to the true interests of the city as the other. To sustain Mayor STRONG, then, and to emphasize the great gain which his election has been to the city, is the duty of all citizens who would save us from falling again into the power of the odious and corrupt tyranny from which we have escaped.

As Mr. FAIRCHILD said in his recent speech at the Cooper Institute, "New York is a free city." Its people are no longer under the heel of Tammany, and they do not want to be placed under the equally offensive heel of PLATT. It is because they realize the blessings of their freedom, and recognize the contrast between the control of their own affairs through the agency of men in whom they have confidence and their former servitude to ignorance, brutality, and corruption, that this address must come to them as a startling and warning echo out of a miserable past. Surely they wish to retain their freedom, and therefore they will not permit themselves to be deceived by the enemies of the era which their uprising has ushered in, and of the men who at present stand for the new order of things.



THE PROPOSED PRIVATE HOSPITAL FOR CONTAGIOUS DISEASES TO BE ERECTED IN NEW YORK.—ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. RENWICK, ASPINWALL, & RENWICK.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY was born at Ealing, in Middlesex, England, May 4, 1825, and died at Eastbourne on the 29th of June. To have lived seventy years was a comparatively long existence for Huxley, for he had been in bad health ever since 1882; but physical distress never for a moment impaired his mental vigor.

Huxley's father was one of the masters of Ealing school, and the boy had the advantages of a sound rudimentary education. In after-life Huxley would declare that he owed much to his mother, and would expatiate on a trait she possessed—that of rapid thinking, which faculty he prided himself on exercising. In his biographical notes, unfortunately too sparse, Huxley insisted that his method of study had been desultory. What he liked he studied, neglecting what was not to his taste. Probably Huxley was not a good judge of his nascent powers, for he seems to have mastered when young many topics, and besides that, when a lad, had acquired German and French.

Mr. Huxley says his inclination was at first toward mechanical engineering. Having a brother-in-law who was a doctor, and following the wishes of his family, he studied medicine, and was graduated at the age of twenty. He would have us believe that more by accident than merit he obtained the appointment of assistant surgeon on a government ship, the *Rattlesnake*, which vessel was sent to make surveys of the Australian coast and the reefs of New Guinea. He was then, however, a naturalist and physiologist of no mean powers. It is remarkable that a voyage somewhat of discovery should have shaped the careers of both Darwin and Huxley. Returning to England in 1850, he wrote articles descriptive of the new fauna of the seas.

Now came the turning-point in Huxley's life. He might have become in process of time a full surgeon in her Majesty's navy, and passed an easy and uneventful career on shipboard. But Admiralty control, as far as science went, did not suit Huxley's temperament. Three years after his return he was in doubt as to what he would do. Then the Admiralty "cut short the discussion," so he writes, ordering him to report at once for duty on shipboard. There is an amusing reminiscence which Mr. Huxley tells of as occurring to him just here. Like Liebig, Huxley was an omnivorous and retentive reader. He not only dwelt on science, but delighted in novel-reading. He compares his situation, when it was a toss-up as to whether he would follow the sea or stick to the land, to Rastignac's hesitation, as Balzac describes it in *Le Père Goriot*. "It will be Paris," said Balzac's hero. "I say London—*à nous deux*," cried the young assistant surgeon, who was to be, in time, the Right Hon. Professor Huxley. Once the die was cast, Huxley rose to distinction by the purest will-power.

At the outset it was a question of bread and cheese, with science added. Huxley wanted a professorship, and applied for that position, seeking the chair of Natural History in the University of Toronto. There was another capable man, Tyndall, who at that precise time would have liked to have taught physics in the same school of Toronto. Huxley became Professor of Natural History of an Edinburgh college. Then his progress was rapid. Now followed an appointment of Hunterian professorship at the Royal College of Surgeons, then Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institute. Honors came fast and faster. The man showed originality of thought, quickness of perception, clearness of speech, with an incisive and masterful style of writing, with administrative powers. In 1869 he was President of that Geological Society of which he had been the most painstaking of secretaries. In 1870 there fell to him, through his cosmical merits, the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He became member of the London School Board. Now in England, as in America, a man may have climbed to the pinnacle of the scientific Alps and be quite unknown to those living in the valleys below. This position on the London School Board and his battle royal with denominational teaching made all England interested in him. In 1872 he became Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, and later Trustee of the British Museum and a member of the Senate of the University of London. Like Faraday and Tyndall, Huxley had little liking for titles. The Right Honorable he considered as only a conventional handle to his name. He was plain Thomas Henry Huxley, though the recipient of innumerable decorations from all Europe.

Huxley's visit to the United States has left its impress on us as Americans. If the subjects he treated were complex, he had the supreme talent of removing all apparent intricacies. He has told us how impossible it seemed to him at first to address an audience, and how halting and unsatisfactory was his début. He soon, however, overcame all impediments, and was so distinguished as a speaker that, after John Bright, he was declared to be "the best orator in England."

To ask, after all, the main question, "What did this man do?"—the answer comes in part when his works are studied. His many volumes treat of physiology, biology, physiography, anatomy; of science, general and special. Then there are his essays, many of which, and his best work, are not entirely scientific. It is in the rôle of a great teacher that Huxley's fame will be perpetuated.

How much he agreed or did not agree with Darwin is of the least importance. It was for his fine freedom of thought that Huxley is above all distinguishable. His was a constant combat with superstition. This superstition, he believed, "blocked the way of progress." His was, he insisted, "not a fight between science and religion, but between science and theology." Referring to his theological contentions, he wrote that "he doubted whether any champion could be found whose competency would be recognized beyond the coterie to which it belonged." It is a grievous blunder to insist that Huxley had no reverence, for has he not written, "Man follows his higher nature when he worships his Maker"?

What Huxley particularly resented were the clumsy attacks directed towards him by slipshod personages, who sometimes were peers, and oftener bishops. In such cases he showed decided annoyance, and sometimes a misspent energy. His pen could be trenchant, his irony cutting; but when he met a worthy foe he was courteous. There was an amusing passage-at-arms between him and Lord Kelvin when the latter deduced the age of the earth from the retardation of the moon by abstruse mathematical calculation. Mr. Huxley wrote that in mathematics you had a compound mill of exquisite workmanship, which ground your stuff to any degree of fineness. Put in your mill peascods, and the yield never would be wheat flour. "So pages of formulæ will not get a definite result from loose data."

PROFESSOR THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

The last noteworthy paper of Huxley's is to be found in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century* of this year. He does not stand on the defensive for agnosticism, but explains what it means. He even declares he is not the inventor of the word. "It really is no child of mine; it has a highly respectable lineage, which can be traced back for centuries." Then he points to a passage of Sir William Hamilton's, written in 1829, as the original English spring of agnosticism. The agnosticism of Huxley's is not this: "What I do not know, I deny." It is a protest against that glib prescience which assumes perfect familiarity with the unknowable.

Posthumous fame will belong to Huxley as one of the great teachers of the last half of the nineteenth century, not because he broke from tradition, but for the reason that, following Plato, he believed that the acquisition of wealth, the possession of mere cleverness, and acquiescence to dogma were things which were mean, "and not worthy to be called education at all." BARNET PHILLIPS.

THE PROPOSED PRIVATE HOSPITAL FOR CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

THE elevation of the proposed private hospital for scarlet fever and diphtheria patients shows that the architects, Messrs. Renwick, Aspinwall, & Renwick, have planned an exceptionally convenient and well-arranged building, or rather series of buildings, in which well-to-do sufferers from these contagious diseases may be treated. The need for such a hospital had long been felt by the prominent physicians of New York. The painfully inadequate accommodations of the free Willard Parker Hospital for people who could afford better surroundings and demanded them were well known. A public-spirited lady of New York, Mrs. John W. Minturn, by an initial gift of $25,000, and an untiring energy in the furtherance of the project among her friends, has made possible the erection of this long-needed hospital, and within the year the institution will probably be ready for the reception of patients. It had been hoped that the hospital would have been built by the fall. Since it was desired to erect the buildings on land at the foot of East Sixteenth Street, which belongs to the Board of Health, the delay is necessitated by the need of legislative permission for the transference of the land from the city to the corporation which is to have charge of the hospital. The Board of Health, through its president, Mr. Charles G. Wilson, recommended such transference, but the Sinking Fund Commission decided a few days ago that legislative permission was necessary.

Where the East River swerves sharply to the southwest at the foot of East Sixteenth Street, near Avenue C, is the desired site of the contemplated hospital. The tract upon which the new hospital will probably be built is at the northeast end of the street, not far from the Willard Parker Hospital. It is bounded on two sides by the river, and its area will be about 260 by 116 feet. The hospital will consist of three buildings, built of brick with stone trimmings, and separated from one another by an open space of from twenty to twenty-five feet. The central building is to be two stories high, and in it the physicians, the matron, and the servants employed in the hospitals will reside. In this part of the hospital alone will visitors be allowed, and then only under certain restrictions. On the ground-floor of the central building are to be the reception-room, dining-room, the laboratory, dispensary, matron's room, and two physicians' rooms. The drying-room, kitchen, servants' rooms, and two bath-rooms will be on the second floor.

The two T-shaped buildings, on either side of the central building, compose the hospital proper. The rooms for the patients will be arranged on each side of a ten-foot corridor, five on a side. In the centre of each tier there will be double rooms containing two beds each. These will be seventeen feet long and fourteen feet wide. The remaining eight rooms will measure ten by fifteen feet. The rooms will each be provided with a fireplace and the best ventilation. At the southern end of each pavilion, fronting the south, there will be a solarium for convalescent patients.

The rear end of each building, the cross of the T, will be two stories in height. Here the nurses and attendants will live. Each of the main buildings is to be about one hundred feet long, and the rear ends will come within twelve feet of the river wall. In all there will be twenty-four beds for the reception of patients.

One excellent arrangement planned is the careful method of transferring food from the kitchen to the patients' rooms, so that the danger of possible infection is avoided. The kitchen is to be located on the second floor of the central building. Between it and the two main buildings will be built bridges, fifteen feet from the ground, and on each bridge there will be two tracks, along which small cars will run. The food will be enclosed in metal boxes and sent across the tramways, and the boxes will be thoroughly disinfected before they are returned to the kitchen.

The *personnel* of the hospital corps will consist of two resident physicians, eight trained nurses, a matron, and a number of attendants. While the resident physicians will be thoroughly competent medical men, any patient will be at liberty to enjoy the attendance of his or her private physician. According to the charter granted by the Legislature, the hospital will be under the charge of a Board of Governors, at present composed as follows: The President of the Board of Health and the Health Commissioner *ex officio*, John W. Brannan, M.D., F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Paul Tuckerman, James J. Higginson, F. de P. Foster, Cleveland Dodge, A. H. Doty, M.D., T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D., and George F. Crane.

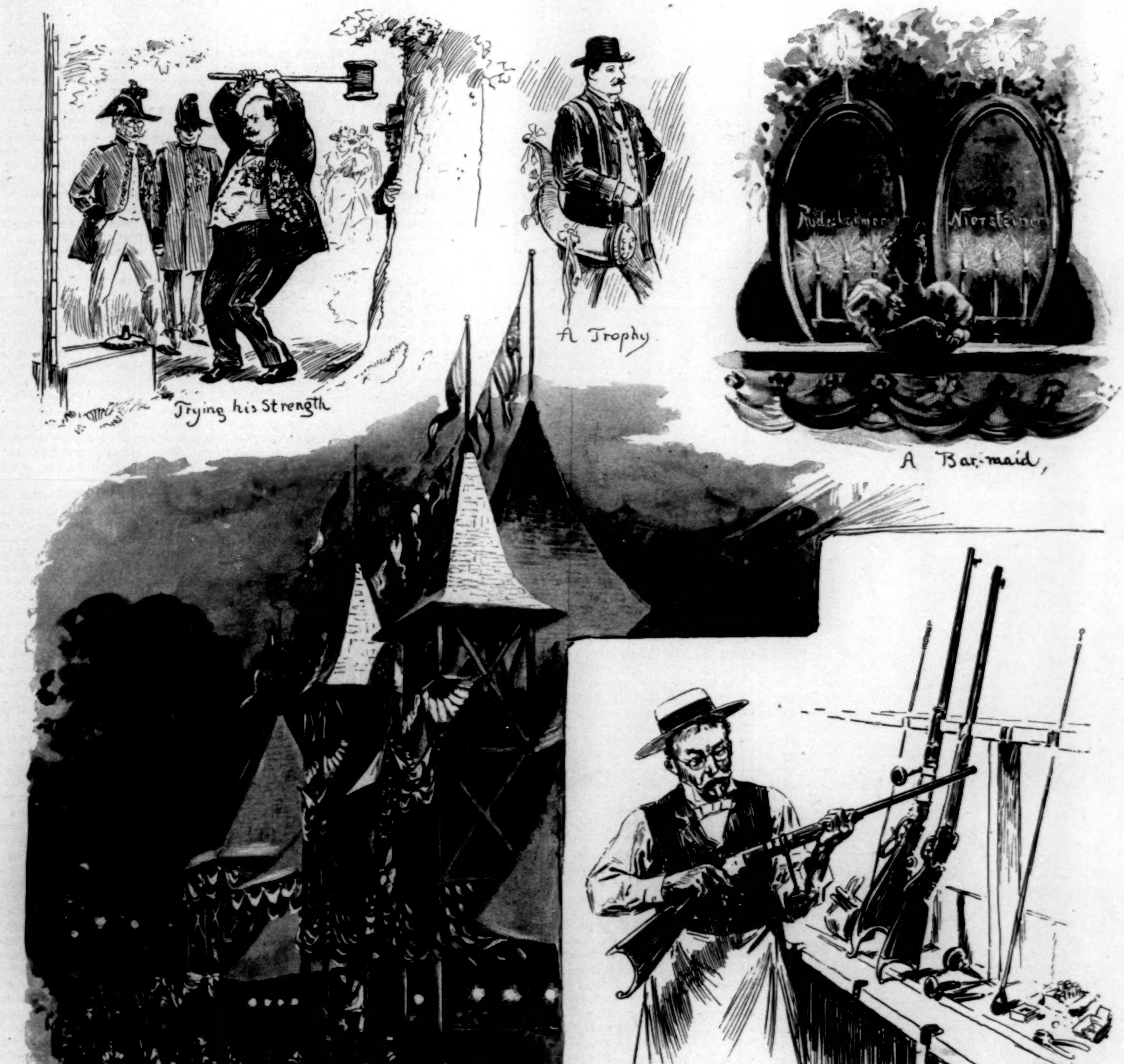
TIGER-LILIES.

BESIDE the way-side wall they blow
In all their wealth of tawny gold,
Their mottled petals all aglow
When to the breezes they unfold.

Like sentinels they stand beside
The field in all their lissome grace,
While happy bees about them glide,
And through their ranks lithe shadows chase.

Rich flower, what rare joys are thine,
In morning's glow and twilight's gloom,
Through days of storm and days that shine,
To only have to dream and bloom!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



SCENES AT THE INTERNATIONAL "SCHUETZENFEST" AT GLENDALE PARK, LONG ISLAND.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 664.]

ON THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE steamer *Breakwater* lay at the end of a muddy fruit-wharf a mile down the levee.

She was listed to sail that morning for Central American ports, and we were going with her in search of warm weather and other unusual things. When we left New York the streets were lined with frozen barricades of snow, upon which the new brooms of a still newer administration had made so little impression that people were using them as an excuse for being late for dinners; and at Washington, while the snow had disappeared, it was still bitterly cold. And now even as far south as New Orleans we were shivering in our great-coats, and the newspapers were telling of a man who, the night before, had been found frozen to death in the streets. It seemed as though we were to keep on going south, forever seeking warmth, and only to find that Nature at every point of lower latitude had paid us the compliment of changing her season to spite us.

So the first question we asked when we came over the side of the *Breakwater* was not when we should first see land, but when we should reach warm weather.

There were four of us, counting Charwood, young Somerset's servant. There was Henry Somers Somerset, who has travelled greater distances for a boy still under age than any other one of his much-travelled countrymen that I have ever met. He has covered as many miles in the last four years as would make five trips around the world, and he came with me for the fun of it, and in what I fear will prove the vain hope of big game. The third was Lloyd Griscom, of Philadelphia, and later of London, where he has been attaché at our embassy during the present administration. He had been ordered south by his doctor, and only joined us the day before we sailed.

We sat shivering under the awning on the upper deck, and watched the levees drop away on either side as we pushed down the last ninety miles of the Mississippi River. Church spires and the roofs of houses showed from the low-lying grounds behind the dikes, and gave one the impression that he was riding on an elevated road. The great river steamers, with paddle-wheels astern and high double smoke-stacks that were associated in our minds with pictures of the war and those in our school geographies, passed us, pouring out heavy volumes of black smoke, on their way to St. Louis, and on each bank we recognized, also from pictures, magnolia-trees and the ugly cotton-gins and the rows of negroes' quarters like the men's barracks in a fort.

At six o'clock, when we had reached the Gulf, the sun sank a blood-red disk into great desolate bayous of long grass and dreary stretches of vacant water. Dead trees with hanging gray moss and mistletoe on their bare branches reared themselves out of swamps like gallows-trees or giant sign-posts pointing the road to nowhere; and the heron, perched by dozens on their limbs or moving heavily across the sky with harsh melancholy cries, were the only signs of life. On each side of the muddy Mississippi the waste swamp-land stretched as far as the eye could reach, and every blade of the long grass and of the stunted willows and every post of the dikes stood out black against the red sky as vividly as though it were lit by a great conflagration, and the stagnant pools and stretches of water showed one moment like flashing lakes of fire, and the next, as the light left them, turned into mirrors of ink. It was a scene of the most awful and beautiful desolation, and the silence, save for the steady breathing of the steamer's engine, was the silence of the Nile at night.

For the next three days we dropped due south as the map lies from the delta of the Mississippi through the Gulf of Mexico to the Caribbean Sea. It was moonlight by night, and sun and blue water by day, and the decks kept level, and the vessel was clean.

Our fellow-passengers were banana-planters and engineers going to Panama and Bluefields, and we asked them many questions concerning rates of exchange and the rainy season and distances and means of transportation, to which they gave answers as opposite as can only come from people who have lived together in the same place for the greater part of their lives.

Land, when it came, appeared in the shape of little islands that floated in mid-air above the horizon like the tops of trees, without trunks to support them, or low-lying clouds. They formed the skirmish-line of Yucatan, the northern spur of Central America, and seemed from our decks as innocent as the Jersey sand hills, but were, the pilot told us, inhabited by wild Indians who massacre people who are so unfortunate as to be shipwrecked there, and who will not pay taxes to Mexico. But the little we saw of their savagery was when we passed within a ship's length of a ruined temple to the Sun, standing conspicuously on a jutting point of land, with pillars as regular and heavily cut as some of those on the Parthenon. It was interesting to find such a monument a few days out from New Orleans.

Islands of palms on one side and blue mountains on the other, and water as green as corroded copper, took the place of the white sand banks of Yucatan, and on the third day out we had passed the Mexican state and steamed in towards the coast of British Honduras, and its chief seaport and capital, Belize.

British Honduras was formerly owned by Spain, as was all of Central America, and was, on account of its bays and islands, a picturesque refuge for English and other pirates. In the seventeenth century English logwood-cutters visited the place and obtained a footing, which has been extended since by concessions and by conquest, so that the place is now a British dependency. It forms a little slice of land between Yucatan and Guatemala, 174 miles in its greatest length, and running sixty-eight miles inland.

Belize is a pretty village of 6000 people, living in low broad-roofed bungalows, lying white and cool-looking in the border of waving cocoanut-trees and tall graceful palms. It was not necessary to tell us that Belize would be the last civilized city we should see until we reached the capital of Spanish Honduras. A British colony is always civilized; it is always the same, no matter in what latitude it may be, and it is always distinctly British. Every one has said that an Englishman takes his atmosphere with him wherever he goes, but the truth of it never impressed me so much as it did at Belize. There were not more than 200 English men and women in the place, and yet, in the two halves of two days that I was there I seemed to see everything characteristic of an Englishman in his own country. There were a few concessions made to the country and to the huge native population, who are British subjects themselves; but the colony, in spite of its surroundings, was just as individually English as is the shilling that the ship's steward pulls out of his pocket with a handful of the queer coin that he has picked up at the ports of a half-dozen Spanish republics. They may be of all sizes and designs, and of varying degrees of value, or the lack of it, which changes from day to day, but the English shilling, with the Queen's profile on one side and its simple "one shilling" on the other, is worth just as much at that moment and at that distance from home as it would be were you handing it to a hansom-cab driver in Piccadilly. And we were not at all surprised to find that the black native police wore the familiar blue-and-white-striped cuff of the London bobby, and the district-attorney a mortar-board cap and gown, and the colonial bishop gaiters and an apron. It was quite in keeping also that the advertisements on the boardings should announce and give equal prominence to a "Sunday-school treat" and a boxing-match between men of H.M.S. *Pelican*, and that the officers of that man-of-war should be playing cricket with a local eleven under the full tropical sun, and that the chairs in the Council-room and Government House should be of heavy leather stamped V.R., with a crown above the initials. An American official in as hot a climate, being more adaptable, would have had bamboo chairs with large open-work backs, or would have even supplied the council with rocking-chairs.

Lightfoot agreed to take us ashore at a quarter of a dollar apiece. He had a large open sail-boat, and everybody called him Lightfoot and seemed to know him intimately, so we called him Lightfoot too. He was very black, and light-hearted at least, and spoke English with the soft hesitating gentleness that marks the speech of all these natives. It was Sunday on land, and Sunday in an English colony is observed exactly as it should be, and so the natives were in heavily starched white clothes, and were all apparently going somewhere to church in rigid rows of five or six. But there were some black soldiers of the West India Regiment in smart Zouave uniforms and turbans that furnished us with local color, and we pursued one of them for some time admiringly, until he became nervous and beat a retreat to the barracks. Somerset had a letter from his ambassador in Washington to Sir Anthony Moloney, K.C.M.G., the Governor of British Honduras, and as we hoped it would get us all an invitation to dinner, we urged him to present it at once. Four days of the ship's steward's bountiful dinners served at four o'clock in the afternoon had made us anxious for a change both in the hour and the diet. The governor's house at Belize is a very large building, fronting the bay, with one of the finest views from and most refreshing breezes on its veranda that a man could hope to find on a warm day, and there is a proud and haughty sentry at each corner of the grounds and at the main entrance. A fine view of blue waters beyond a green turf terrace covered with cannon and lawn-tennis courts, and four sentries marching up and down in the hot sun, ought to make any man, so it seems to me, content to sit on his porch in the shade and feel glad that he is a governor.

Somerset passed the first sentry with safety, and we sat down on the grass by the side of the road opposite to await developments, and were distressed to observe him make directly for the kitchen, with the ambassador's letter held firmly in his hand. So we stood up and shouted to him to go the other way, and he became embarrassed, and continued to march up and down the gravel walk with much indecision, and as if he could not make up his mind where he wanted to go, like the grenadiers in front of St. James's Palace. It happened that his Excellency was out, so Somerset left our cards and his letter, and we walked off through the green, well-kept streets and wondered at the parrots and the chained monkeys and the Anglicized little negro girls in white cotton stockings and with Sunday-school books under their arms. All the show-places of interest were closed on that day, so, after an ineffectual attempt to force our way into the jail, which we mistook for a monastery, we walked back through an avenue of cocoanut-palms to the International Hotel for dinner. We had agreed that as it was our first dinner on shore, it should be a long and excellent one, with several kinds of wine. The International Hotel is a large one, with four stories, and a balcony on each floor, and after wandering over the first three of these in the dark we came upon a lonely woman with three crying children, who told us with reproving firmness that in Belize the dinner hour is at four in the afternoon, and that no one should expect a dinner at seven. We were naturally cast down at this rebuff, and even more so when her husband appeared out of the night and informed us that keeping a hotel did not pay, at least that it did not pay him, and that he could not give us anything to drink because he had not renewed his license, and even if he had a license he would not sell us anything on Sunday. He had a touch of malaria, he said, and took a gloomy view of life in consequence, and our anxiety to dine well seemed, in contrast, unfeeling and impertinent. But we praised the beauty of the three children, and did not set him right when he mistook us for officers from the English gunboats in the harbor, and for one of these reasons he finally gave us a cold dinner by the light of a smoking lamp, and made us a present of a bottle of stout, for which he later refused any money. We would have enjoyed our dinner at Belize in spite of our disappointment had not an orderly arrived in hot search after Somerset, and borne him away to dine at Government House, where Griscom and I pictured him, as we continued eating our cold chicken and beans, dining at her Majesty's expense, with fine linen and champagne, and probably ice. Lightfoot took us back to the boat in mournful silence, and we spent the rest of the evening on the quarter-deck telling each other of the most important people with whom we had ever dined, and had nearly succeeded in re-establishing our self-esteem, when Somerset dashed up in a man-of-war's launch glittering with brass and union-jacks, and left it with much ringing of electric bells and saluting and genial farewells from admirals and midshipmen in gold lace, with whom he seemed to be on a most familiar and friendly footing. This was the final straw, and we held him struggling over the ship's side, and threatened to drop him to the sharks unless he promised never to so desert us again. And discipline was only restored when he assured us he was the bearer of an invitation from the governor to both breakfast and luncheon the following morning. The governor apologized the next day for the informality of the manner in which he had sent us the invitation, so I thought it best not to tell him that it had been delivered by a young man while dangling by his ankles from the side of the ship, with one hand holding his helmet on, and the other clutching at the rail of the gangway..

There is much to be said of Belize, for in its way it was one of the prettiest ports at which we touched, and its cleanliness and order, while they were not picturesque or foreign to us then, were in so great contrast to the ports we visited later as to make them most remarkable. It was interesting to see the responsibilities and the labor of government apportioned out so carefully and discreetly, and to find commissioners of roads, and then district commissioners, and under them inspectors, and to hear of Boards of Education and Boards of Justice, each doing its appointed work in this miniature government, and all responsible to the representative of the big government across the sea. And it was reassuring to read in the Blue-Books of the colony that the health of the port has improved enormously during the last three years.

Monday showed an almost entirely different Belize from the one we had seen on the day before. Shops were open and busy, and the markets were piled high with yellow oranges and bananas and strange fruits, presided over by negresses in rich-colored robes and turbans, and smoking fat cigars. There was a show of justice also in a parade of prisoners, who, in spite of their handcuffs, were very anxious to halt long enough to be photographed, and there was a great bustle along the wharves, where huge rafts of logwood and mahogany floated far into the water. The governor showed us through his botanical station, in which he has collected food-giving products from over all the world, and plants that absorb the malaria in the air, and he hinted at the social life of Belize as well, tempting us with a ball and dinners to the officers of the men-of-war; but the *Breakwater* would not wait for such frivolities, so we said farewell to Belize and her kindly governor, and thereafter walked under strange flags, and were met at every step with the despotic little rules and safeguards which mark unstable governments.

Livingston was like a village on the coast of East Africa in comparison with Belize. It is the chief seaport of Guatemala on the Atlantic side, and Guatemala is the furthest advanced of all the Central American republics; but her civilization lies on the Pacific side, and does not extend so far as her eastern boundary.

There are two opposite features of landscape in the tropics which are always found together—the royal palm, which is one of the most beautiful of things, and the corrugated zinc roof custom-house, which is one of the ugliest. Nature never appears so extravagant or so luxurious as she does in these hot latitudes; but just as soon as she has fashioned a harbor after her own liking, and set it off at her best so that it is a haven of delight to those who approach it from the sea, civilized man comes along and hammers square walls of zinc together and spoils the beauty of the place forever. The natives, who do not care for customs dues, help nature out with thatch-roofed huts and walls of adobe or yellow cane, or add curved red tiles to the more pretentious houses, and so fill out the picture. But the "gringo," or the man from the interior, is in a hurry, and wants something that will withstand earthquakes and cyclones, and so wherever you go you can tell that he has been there before you by his architecture of zinc.

When you turn your back on the custom-house at Livingston and the rows of wooden shops with open fronts, you get up on the hill upon which the town stands, and you will find no houses but those which have been created out of the mud and the trees of the place itself. There are no streets to the village nor doors to the houses; they are all exactly alike, and the bare mud floor of one is as unindividual, except for the number of naked children crawling upon it, as is any of the others. The sun and the rain are apparently free to come and go as they like, and every one seems to live in the back of the house, under the thatched shutter which shades the clay ovens. Most of the natives were coal-black, and the women, in spite of the earth floors below and the earth walls round about them, were clean, and wore white gowns that trailed from far down their arms, leaving the chest and shoulders bare. They were a very simple, friendly lot of people, and ran from all parts of the settlement to be photographed, and brought us flowers from their gardens, for which they refused money.

We had our first view of the Central American soldier at Livingston, and, in spite of all we had heard, he surprised us very much. The oldest of those we saw was eighteen years, and the youngest soldiers were about nine. They wore blue jean uniforms, ornamented with white tape, and the uniforms differed in shade according to the number of times they had been washed. These young men carried their muskets half-way up the barrel, or by the bayonet, dragging the stock on the ground.

General Barrios, the young President of Guatemala, has some very smart soldiers at the capital, and dresses them in German uniforms, which is a compliment he pays to the young German Emperor, for whom he has a great admiration, but his discipline does not extend so far as the Caribbean Sea.

The river Dulce goes in from Livingston, and we were told it was one of the things in Central America we ought to see, as its palisades were more beautiful than those of the Rhine. The man who told us this said he spoke from hearsay, and that he had never been on the Rhine, but that he knew a gentleman who had. You can well believe that it is very beautiful from what you can see of its mouth, where it flows into the Caribbean between great dark banks as high as the palisades opposite Dobbs Ferry, and covered with thick, impenetrable green.

Port Barrios, to which one comes in a few hours, is at one end of a railroad, and surrounded by all the desecration that such an improvement on nature implies, in the form of zinc depots, piles of railroad ties, and rusty locomotives. The town consists of a single row of native huts along the coast, terminating in a hospital. Every house is papered throughout with copies of the New

York *Police Gazette*, which must give the Guatemaltecan a lurid light on the habits and virtues of his cousins in North America. Most of our passengers left the ship here, and we met them, while she was taking on bananas, wandering about the place with blank faces, or smiling grimly at the fate which condemned them and their blue-prints and transits to a place where all nature was beautiful and only civilized man was discontented.

We lay at Barrios until late at night, wandering round the deserted decks, or watching the sharks sliding through the phosphorus and the lights burning in the huts along the shore. At midnight we weighed anchor, and in the morning steamed into Puerto Cortez, the chief port of Spanish Honduras, where the first part of our journey ended, and where we exchanged the ship's deck for the Mexican saddle, and hardtack for tortillas.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—"We shall not suffer so much as we do under our present system," said my friend, completing his sentence after the interruption of a week. By this time we had both left town, and were taking up the talk again on the veranda of a sea-side hotel. "As for the eternal-womanly, it will be her salvation from herself. When once she is expropriated from her household effects, and forbidden under severe penalties from meddling with those of the Standard Household Effect Company, she will begin to get back her peace of mind, and be the same blessing she was before she began housekeeping."

"That may all very well be," I assented, though I did not believe it, and I found something almost too fantastical in my friend's scheme. "But when we are expropriated from all our dearest belongings, what is to become of our tender and sacred associations with them?"

"What has become of devotion to the family gods, and the worship of ancestors? Once the graves of the dead were at the door of the living, so that libations might be conveniently poured out on them, and the ground where they lay was inalienable because it was supposed to be used by their spirits as well as their bodies. A man could not sell the bones, because he could not sell the ghosts, of his kindred. By-and-by, when religion ceased to be domestic and became social, and the service of the gods was carried on in temples common to all, it was found that the tombs of one's forefathers could be sold without violence to their spectres. I dare say it wouldn't be different in the case of our tender and sacred associations with tables and chairs, pots and pans, beds and bedding, pictures and bricabrac. We have only to evolve a little farther. In fact we have already evolved far beyond the point that troubles you. Most people in modern towns and cities have changed their domiciles from ten to twenty times during their lives, and have not paid the slightest attention to the tender and sacred associations connected with them. I don't suppose you would say that a man has no such associations with the house that has sheltered him, while he has them with the stuff that has furnished it?"

"No, I shouldn't say that."

"If anything, the house should be dearer than the household gear. Yet at each remove we drag a lengthening chain of tables, chairs, sideboards, portraits, landscapes, bedsteads, washstands, stoves, kitchen utensils, and bricabrac after us, because, as my wife says, we cannot bear to part with them. At several times in our own lives we have accumulated stuff enough to furnish two or three houses, and have paid a pretty stiff house rent in the form of storage for the overflow. Why, I am doing that very thing now! Aren't you?"

"I am—in a certain degree," I assented.

"We all are, we well-to-do people, as we think ourselves. Once my wife and I revolted by a common impulse against the ridiculous waste and slavery of the thing. We went to the storage warehouse and sent three or four van-loads of the rubbish to the auctioneer. Some of the pieces we had not seen for years, and as each was hauled out for us to inspect and decide upon, condemned it to the auction-block with shouts of rejoicing. Tender and sacred associations! We hadn't had such light hearts since we had put everything in storage and gone to Europe indefinitely as we had when we left those things to be carted out of our lives forever. Not one had been a pleasure to us; the sight of every one had been a pang. They had become 'Portions and parcels of the dreadful past,' and all we wanted was never to set eyes on them again."

"I must say you have disposed of the tender and sacred associations pretty effectually, so far as they relate to things in storage. But the things that we have in daily use?"

"It is exactly the same with them. Why should they be more to us than the floors and walls of the houses we move in and move out of with no particular pathos? And I think we ought not to care for them, certainly not to the point of letting them destroy our eternal-womanly with the anxiety she feels for them. She is really much more precious, if she could but realize it, than anything she swathes in cheese-cloth or wraps up with moth-balls. The proof of the fact that the whole thing is a piece of mere sentimentality is that we may live in a furnished house for years, amidst all the accidents of birth and death, joy and sorrow, and yet not form the slightest attachment to the furniture. Why should we have tender and sacred associations with a thing we have bought, and not with a thing we have hired?"

"I confess, I don't know. And do you really think we could liberate ourselves from our belongings if they didn't belong to us? Wouldn't the eternal-womanly still keep putting them away for summer and taking them out for winter?"

"At first, yes, there might be some such mechanical action in her; but it would be purely mechanical, and it would soon cease. When the Standard Household Effect Company came down on the temporal-manly with a penalty for violation of the lease, the eternal-womanly would see the folly of her ways, and stop; for the eternal-womanly is essentially economical, whatever we say about the dressmaker's bills; and the very futilities of putting away and taking out, that she now wears herself to a thread with, are founded in the instinct of saving."

"But," I asked, "wouldn't our household belongings lose a good deal of character if they didn't belong to us? Wouldn't our domestic interiors become dreadfully impersonal?"

"How many houses now have character, personality? Most people let the different dealers choose for them, as it is. Why not let the Standard Household Effect Company, and finally the State? I am sure that either would choose much more wisely than people choose for themselves, in the few cases where they even seem to choose for themselves. In most interiors the appointments are without fitness, taste, or sense; they are the mere accretions of accident in the greater number of cases; where they are the result of design, they are worse. I see what you mean by character and personality in them. You mean the sort of madness that let itself loose a few years ago in what was called household art, and has since gone to make the junk-shops hideous. Each of the eternal-womanly was supposed suddenly to have acquired a talent for decoration and a gift for the selection and arrangement of furniture, and each began to stamp herself upon our interiors. One painted a high-shouldered stone bottle with a stork, and stood it at the right corner of the mantel, on a scarf; another gilded the bottle, and stood it at the left corner, and tied the scarf through its handle. One knotted a ribbon around the arm of a chair; another knotted it around the leg. In a day, an hour, a moment, the chairs suddenly became angular, cushionless, springless; and the sofas were stood across corners, or parallel with the fireplace, in slants expressive of the personality of the presiding genius. The walls became all frieze and dado; and instead of the simple and dignified ugliness of the impersonal period, our interiors abandoned themselves to a hysterical chaos full of character. Some people had their doors painted black, and the daughter or mother of the house then decorated them with morning-glories. I saw such a door in a house I looked at the other day, thinking I might hire it. The sight of that black door and its morning glories made me wish to turn aside and live with the cattle, as Walt Whitman says. No, the less we try to get personality and character into our household effects the more beautiful and interesting they will be. As soon as we put the Standard Household Effect Company in possession, and render it a relentless monopoly, it will corrupt a competent architect and decorator in each of our large towns and cities, and when you hire a new house these will be sent to advise with the eternal-womanly concerning its appointments, and tell her what she wants, and what she will like; for at present the eternal-womanly, as soon as she has got a thing she wants, begins to hate it."

I interrupted. "If you go on at this rate, everybody will say this department is conducted in the interests of misogamy."

"I can't help that," said my friend, recklessly. "The company's agents will begin by convincing her that she does not need half the things she has lumbered up her house with, and that every useless thing is an ugly thing, even in the region of pure æsthetics. I once asked an Italian painter if he did not think a certain nobly imagined drawing-room was fine, and he said: 'Sì. Ma troppa roba.' There were too many rugs, tables, chairs, sofas, pictures, vases, statues, chandeliers. Troppa roba is the vice of all our household furnishing, and it will be the death of the eternal-womanly if it is not stopped. But the corrupt agents of a giant monopoly will teach the eternal-womanly something of the wise simplicity of the South, and she will end by returning to the ideal of housekeeping as it prevails among the Latin races, whom it began with, whom civilization began with. What of a harmless, necessary moth or two, or even a few fleas?"

"That might be all very well as far as furniture and carpets and curtains are concerned," I said, "but surely you wouldn't apply it to pictures and objects of art?"

"I would apply it to them first of all and above all," rejoined my friend, hardily. "Among all the people who buy and own such things there is not one in a thousand who has any real taste or feeling for them, and the objects they choose are generally such as can only deprave and degrade them further. The pictures, statues, and vases supplied by the Standard Household Effect Company would be selected by agents with a real sense of art, and a knowledge of it. When the house-letting and house-furnishing finally passed into the hands of the State, these things would be lent from the public galleries, or from immense municipal stores for the purpose."

"And I suppose you would have ancestral portraits supplied along with the other pictures?" I sneered.

"Ancestral portraits, of course," said my friend, with unruffled temper. "So few people have ancestors of their own, that they will be very glad to have ancestral portraits chosen for them out of the collections of the Company or the State. The agents of the one, or the officers of the other, will study the existing type of family face, and will select ancestors and ancestresses whose modelling, coloring, and expression agree with it, and will keep in view the race and nationality of the family whose ancestral portraits are to be supplied, so that there shall be no chance of the grossly improbable effect which ancestral portraits now have in many cases. Yes, I see no flaw in the scheme," my friend concluded, "and no difficulty that can't be easily overcome. We must alienate our household furniture, and make it so sensitively and exclusively the property of some impersonal agency—company or community, I don't care which—that any care of it shall be a sort of crime; any sense of responsibility for its preservation a species of incivism punishable by fine or imprisonment. This, and nothing short of it, will be the salvation of the eternal-womanly."

"And the perdition of something even more precious than that!"

"What can be more precious?"

"Individuality."

"My dear friend," demanded my visitor, who had risen, and whom I was gradually edging to the door of the department, "do you mean to say there is any individuality in such things now? What have we been saying about character?"

"Ah, I see what you mean," I said.

W. D. Howells.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

SOUTHERN INDIA.—TUTICORIN.

HARBORS are scarce on the coast of southern India, and, in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that they don't exist at all. The result of this is that comparatively few persons, even of those who make the tour of the British possessions in India, ever see the southern end of the peninsula of Hindostan, yet in some respects it is very far from being the least interesting portion of this wonderful country. Its native peoples are, or at any rate have been, remarkable among the populations of India. Its architectural and other remains are in no respect inferior to the most remarkable, and in some respects are almost superior in interest and importance to any; and as the scene of the great conflict of the middle of the last century, which decided between France and England which of the two nations was to give to the millions of India the form of its laws and civilization, it possesses a political and historical interest which cannot easily be overrated.

The extension southwards of the railway system of India has brought it to a point opposite to Ceylon, with its southern terminus at the port—if, indeed, it can be called a port—of Tuticorin. Tuticorin is situated at a point but a little way inside the limits of what is known as the Gulf of Manaar, and is about a hundred and fifty miles from Colombo by sea. There is regular communication by steamer between the two places, although the dangers of the navigation are great, and the total absence of any safe harborage at Tuticorin must render the service as unpleasant as it is dangerous.

In some—indeed in many—states of wind and weather it is quite impossible to land either goods or passengers at Tuticorin. In our case, however, we were fortunate in getting fine weather, so that although we had to be landed by a little steam-launch from the steamer, which lay a good way off the treacherous shore, we suffered none of the discomforts, and even dangers, which must very often attend the process. Although there is no harbor, there are piers at Tuticorin, on which the passengers and goods are landed, amidst a confusion of exuberant life and a babel of sounds which remind the visitor—if, indeed, anything were required in this essentially foreign-looking land to remind him—that he was far from home. India is the country of manual labor beyond any we have yet seen. Human beings are so plentiful that the inducements to substitute machinery for human effort, so urgent with us, are almost wholly absent. We notice, on landing, that the pier on which we find ourselves is provided with lines of rails and with cranes, yet neither appliance seems to be much in demand. Troops of half-nude Tamils crowd the pier and surround the landing, clamorous to be employed in carrying, in nature's fashion, all there is to carry, and our baggage and cargo are at once handed over to them, and conveyed on shore without any thought, apparently, of making use of the rails or trolleys that have been provided to save labor which has no desire to be saved.

Tuticorin has a commercial past which has entirely passed away. It was, three hundred years ago, the centre of the pearl-fishery of southern India, and was much valued in consequence by the earliest Portuguese adventurers in the East.

Probably their excessive greed after the pearls may have had something to do with the fact that the pearl-oysters gradually grew scarcer in the neighborhood, until at last they practically died out. Nowadays, except for its port, such as it is, and the fact that it has been made the terminus of the Southern Indian Railway, there is no particular reason why Tuticorin should exist as a town at all. It contains, however, some ten thousand inhabitants, who appear to depend mainly for their existence upon the labor required in loading and unloading cargo from the vessels that lie off the beach.

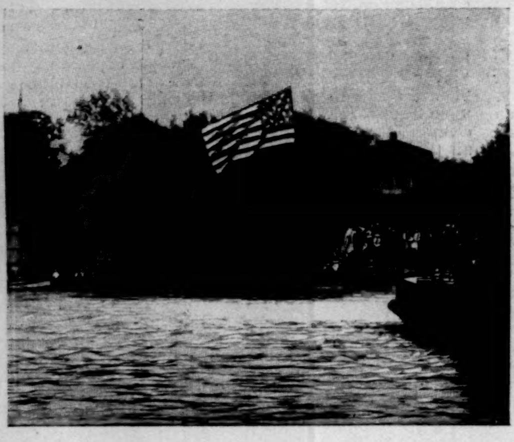
The beach is consequently the centre of life at Tuticorin, and a more curiously animated scene it would be no easy matter to conceive. While nearly everything brought to the port is landed in the first place by lighters at the pier, nearly all that is shipped is put on board the lighters from the beach itself by manual labor. Men and women, I might almost say particularly women, do the loading, amid a scene of bustle and a hurricane of noises which defy description. In our illustration the particular work on hand is loading a cargo of the broad red tiles of the country, which have been stacked on the beach ready for shipment. These are now being conveyed on the heads of the laborers, men and women, to the lighter, which lies some three hundred yards out upon the shallow water of the beach, ready to receive them. They are carried, from three to five at a time, on the heads of the laborers, who wade into the water up to their hips to deposit them on board.

Leaving the beach and entering the little town, the first building of any pretension that is seen is the Custom-house, that unpleasant parasite of civilization, which is manifestly an institution of importance in India. There is nothing very imposing about this emblem of sovereignty at Tuticorin, however. The wide low roof, the broad and shady veranda, on which, by-the-way, two cannons are mounted, and the flag-staff, flying the union-jack, are the chief indications of its official character. Here, as everywhere, there is plenty of life.

There is not much to see here. There are no temples, no palaces, and the only building that can even pretend to any historical associations in the place is the old Jesuit church, founded, it is said, by Francis Xavier, but more probably by some one of the followers of the great Indian missionary of the sixteenth century.

Our illustration showing the great paralla-mannanna tree in a corner of the old town, and our view of the shady corridor of the railway station, may be taken as the representatives respectively of Indian nature and European science at Tuticorin.

AN AFTERNOON CUP OF TEA WITH MAYOR STRONG OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by V. Gribayedoff.—[See Page 664.]



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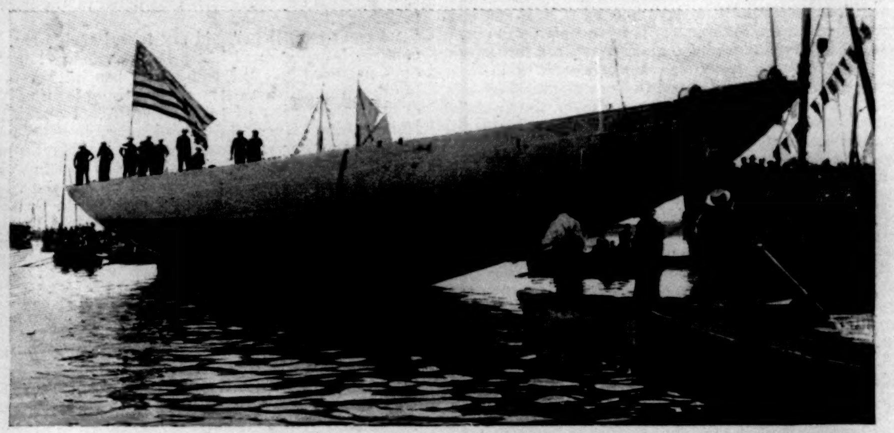

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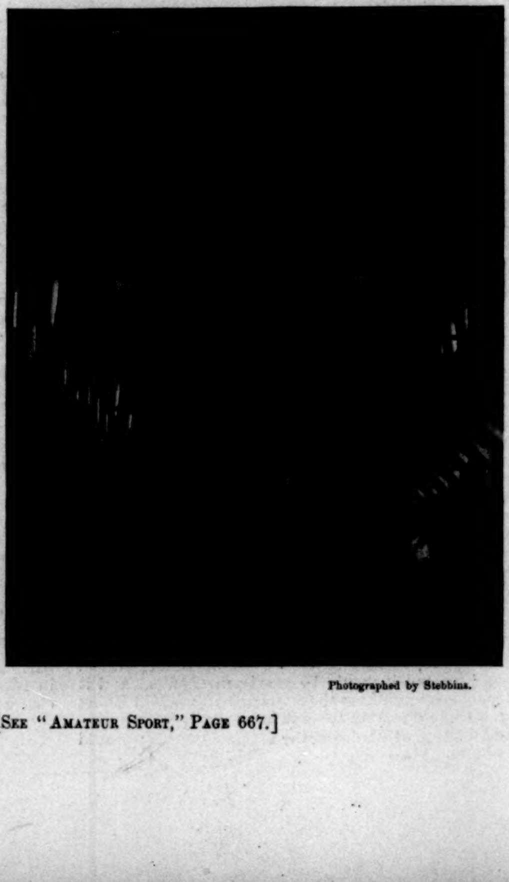


Photographed by Stebbins.

LAUNCHING OF "DEFENDER"—FOUR VIEWS OF HER LINES.—[See "Amateur Sport," Page 667.]

WHAT TERRA-COTTA MAY DO.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

"Sculptura has returned, that wanderer among tombs, sojourner in the tents of the Philistines, ay, in the boudoirs of the foolish rich! She has climbed once more to her niche in the temple of Apollo and Minerva."

AN art that has lapsed must indeed retrace its steps, and begin once more where it branched from the main stem. Painting, for example, needs badly just now to refresh itself by alliances of the old sort, with furniture, interiors, walls within and walls without.

Sculpture also, through a long divorce from architecture, has lost its grip on our sympathies. Without calling attention to itself by exhibitions or advertisements, however, one branch of sculpture is rapidly adapting itself to just such earlier relations—the branch called architectural terra-cotta.

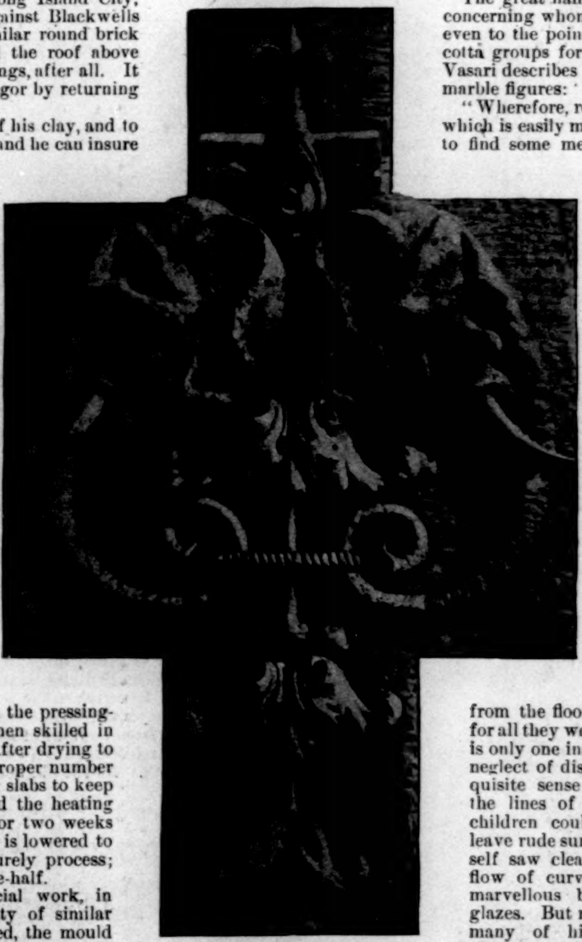
An early riser in the ancient village of Tottenville, Staten Island, glancing across the narrow Achter Kull, shall see, of a misty morning, the white low-lying sea-fog pierced by singular yet picturesque forms. They are truncated cones of brick with lighter bands running round them. They stand together near the water's edge, and might readily be taken for something Egyptian or otherwise Oriental, for Indian tepes, or saints' tombs in some queer country of Indo-China.

Or penetrate a great building at Ravenswood, Long Island City, which stands by a branch of the East River over against Blackwells Island. Through the floors of the building rise similar round brick structures, narrowing upward; the walls about and the roof above spoil their picturesqueness, but here are the same things, after all. It is in such kilns as these that sculpture is regaining vigor by returning to one of its earliest, most direct, most sensible forms.

The sculptor has only to look well to the quality of his clay, and to see that no wooden or metallic props are in his figure, and he can insure the existence of his work beyond the probable life of bronze by having it placed in one of these kilns. There is shrinkage, but it is an even shrinkage, and one which can be exactly reckoned. His work is baked just as it is—with a reduction in size, it is true, but every slightest finger-mark on the surface true to the maker's touch. Here is no elaborate system necessary to obtain a matrix, casting in plaster, and then, for the sake of permanency, casting again in bronze. A master's work is fixed practically forever, and at a trifling cost.

Enter one of these queer villages with tall circular huts of brick. Observe that the buildings have no windows, and one door only—that door generally bricked up. About the circular base are openings which glow even in bright daylight; and higher up, on a level with your eye, are peep-holes blocked with a brick stopper. Pull out one of the stoppers and look in. The whole round hut of brick seems incandescent; strange shapes, almost the color of the flames, are indistinctly perceived. They are the clay figures, reliefs, tiles, capitals, pillars, pedestals, which are receiving their baptism of fire.

By a complicated but rude series of machinery the clay, mixed with "grog," that is to say, broken bits of terra-cotta and brick, is ground up, and thoroughly slaked with water in the wet pans, until it issues in a puttylike mass, is cut into large soft squares, and delivered to the men in the pressing-shop. There are the plaster moulds, and the workmen skilled in filling them so that no bubbles remain in the clay. After drying to the right point, a kiln is carefully packed with the proper number of pieces, tier on tier, with special rests and dividing slabs to keep them apart; the doorway is carefully bricked up, and the heating slowly begun. For a week the fire is augmented; for two weeks it is kept at the top notch; and for a fourth week it is lowered to allow the contents to cool slowly. This is the leisurely process; there are others that cut the number of days down one-half.



ON WAREHOUSE, THIRTY-FIRST STREET AND BROADWAY.
Buchman & Diesler, Architects.

For commercial work, in which a quantity of similar objects is needed, the mould is therefore a necessity. In large establishments the modelling-room is a place worth seeing. Here a boy is carving in the soft brown clay the inscription for a memorial plaque; there a youth models with a deft hand the bust of some noted man which will look down some day from a frieze in a college building. Animal and vegetable forms, mermaid and hippocampus, colossal mascaron and sphinx in high relief, Cupids and birds pursuing each other in a floral maze, nymphs running with endless garlands, Corinthian capitals with acanthus leaves and fluted drums—such may be the work in hand. Each year our architects call for more of these things. Each year the present system of iron architecture clothed and made beautiful with brick and terra-cotta commends itself to more and more clients.

ON THE NEW STREET FRONT OF THE MANHATTAN LIFE BUILDING.
F. H. Kimball, Architect.

At first the results were ugly enough; now the architects are adjusting themselves to the situation, and some of them, but, alas, too few, are doing their best to add some beauty of detail to edifices which are often out of all proportion tall.

The latest development of this kind of architecture is an iron structure without any bricks as backing for the terra-cotta. Terra-cotta alone forms the thickness of the walls; the inner surfaces of the blocks are left rough for plaster. In such, as in all, cases it is necessary for the permanence of the material that the hollows in the blocks shall be filled up by the mason; otherwise moisture might penetrate, and ice form in winter, breaking and gradually crumbling the block. Slovenly, hasty kneading of the clay, modelling the exterior so that hollows exist, imperfect baking, and exposure of the hollow blocks to snow and ice before using them, are reasons why terra-cotta sometimes fails; they are common factors in discrediting it. Builders and architects have learned some sharp lessons after accepting terra cotta at marvellous bargains; there is shoddy in terra-cotta, as in cloth. The only safety lies in the reputation and honesty of manufacturers.

Modelling can be done in the most serious way at some of the terra-cotta works. The studios are well equipped with antiques, well lighted, and sometimes have the benefit of a sculptor of distinction as presiding spirit. Such is Mr. Domingo Mora, some of whose work is shown in the illustrations. Yet men like him are by no means opening a new field for the highest efforts of the sculptor; forerunners of the greatest distinction exist in the history of art.

The great name to conjure with in terra-cotta is Luca della Robbia, concerning whom Giorgio Vasari has so much that is interesting to say, even to the point of crediting him with the discovery of glazed terra-cotta groups for architectural adornments. In his picturesque way, Vasari describes Robbia as disappointed with his profits on bronze and marble figures:

"Wherefore, reflecting that it costs but little trouble to work in clay, which is easily managed, and that only one thing was required, namely, to find some method by which the work produced in that material should be rendered durable, he considered and cogitated with so much good-will on the subject that he finally discovered the means of defending such productions from the injuries of time.

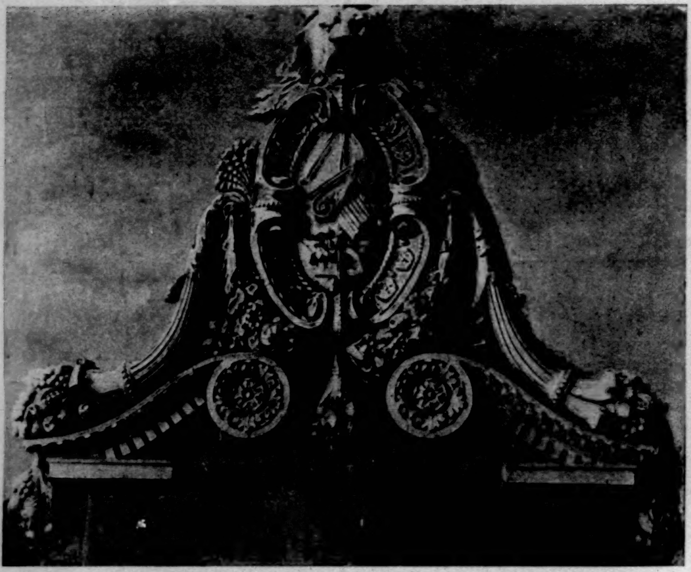
"And the matter was on this wise: After having made experiments innumerable, Luca found that if he covered his figures with a coating of glaze formed from the mixture of tin, litharge, antimony, and other minerals and mixtures, carefully prepared by the action of fire in a furnace made for the purpose, the desired effect was produced to perfection, and an almost endless durability might thus be secured to works in clay. For this process, then, Luca, as being its inventor, received the highest praise, and, indeed, all future ages will be indebted to him for the same."

Luca della Robbia did keep as a secret for the benefit of his nephew Andrea the ingredients of his glaze, but the covering of terra cotta with a glaze of some kind was of course part of the antique science of ceramics. It may be said of much of Luca's work that his glaze, by its thickness, interferes with the expression of that master's touch in the clay. Vasari noticed that when Donatello came to vie with his younger fellow-townsman Luca in figures for the organ-loft in the Duomo, Donatello finished his figures rudely from the sketches, instead of carefully, to be examined close at hand in Luca's way. The consequence was that Luca's were not expressive from the floor of the Duomo, whilst those by Donatello "carried" for all they were worth. That is only one instance of Luca's neglect of distance. His exquisite sense of delicacy in the lines of Madonnas and children could not let him leave rude surfaces. He himself saw clearly enough the flow of curves under those marvellous blue and white glazes. But nowadays, when many of his architectural groups are placed on the line in museums, we fare better than those who gave him the original commissions, because we can see better their cardinal merits.

ON THE E. L. KELLOGG BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.
Wilson Eyre, Architect.

This is merely mentioned to call attention to the fact that glazes like Luca della Robbia's are not wanted in our terra-cotta work. In the first place, they conceal modelling; in the second, they give a mirrorlike surface when a grainy texture is better. Luca is therefore a poor example for architectural terra-cotta moulders, so far as his thick white glaze and his neglect of problems of distance are concerned. As to the lovely grace, the spirituality, the preciousness, of his figures and groups—let him equal Luca who can! For interior pieces he is unapproachable.

If Luca did not invent glazed terra-cotta, he revived the art from antiquity and surpassed the ancients. It may be noted that notwithstanding the realism he gives to his figures as a whole, his works are conventional in color. It is true that some of his Madonnas have the eyes pale blue and the hair slightly tinted, but the coloring is conventional. But this is not the realistic coloring of some majolica busts and statuettes; not even as much realism as the colored statuary M. Gérôme sends to the Salons every year. Rather does it recall the conventions used by those splendid nameless artists on the Euphrates who painted



SPRINGFIELD (MASSACHUSETTS) ART MUSEUM.
Renwick, Aspinwall, Russell, & Owens, Architects.

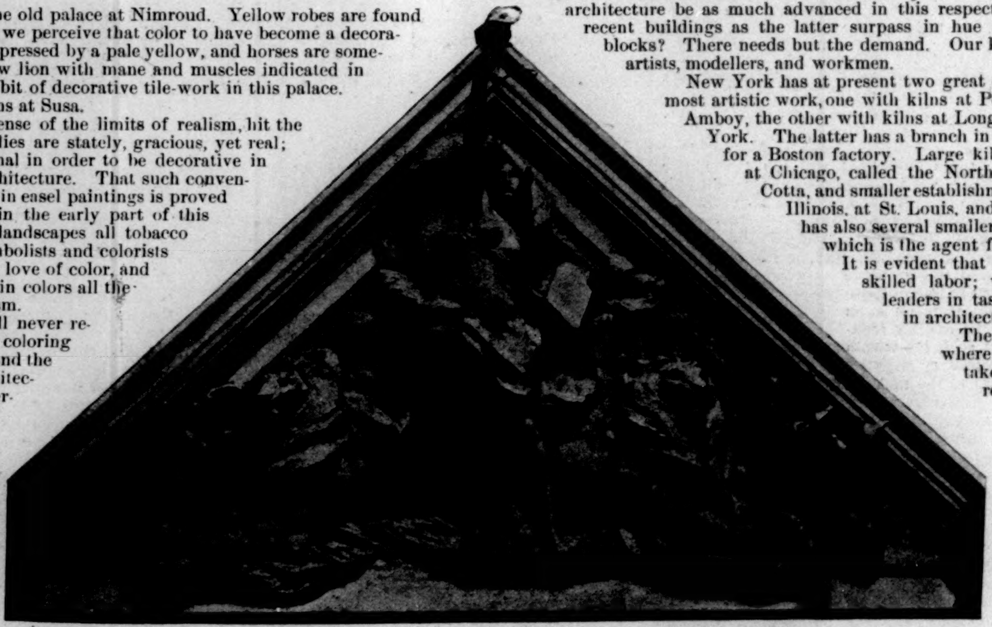
FRIEZE IN THE SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
Peabody & Stearns, Architects.

and fired the glazed tiles in the old palace at Nimroud. Yellow robes are found there on so many figures that we perceive that color to have become a decorative convention. Flesh is expressed by a pale yellow, and horses are sometimes painted blue. A yellow lion with mane and muscles indicated in blue is another and a superb bit of decorative tile-work in this palace. And so with the early Persians at Susa.

Luca, with his exquisite sense of the limits of realism, hit the middle term; his Holy Families are stately, gracious, yet real; their coloration is conventional in order to be decorative in the mass as parts of the architecture. That such conventions are not impossible even in easel paintings is proved by the schools of painting in the early part of this century, which turned out landscapes all tobacco yellow, as well as by the symbolists and colorists of to-day, who play upon our love of color, and charm us while they violate in colors all the laws of naturalness and realism.

It is probable that we shall never return to the bold conventional coloring which Egyptians, Assyrians, and the earlier Greeks gave their architecture and sculpture; but it is certain that we have done with that excessive timidity in the use of color which was based on utterly false ideas of classic art. Even in the age of Pericles architecture and sculpture were colored. Only colors were then used with a discretion that former ages did not know.

The question of color is a question that terra-cotta architecture immediately raises. At present our kilns are turning out bands and string-pieces of terra-cotta, friezes and capitals, arches, jambs, and window-frames, that are very sober in hue. But it can easily be seen that by using more time the most brilliant colors can be lent to terra-cotta, which are indestructible, not like paint applied, but part of the texture of the brick. How long will it be before some architect or amateur with a strong feeling for color shall demand of kiln-masters objects of rich, imposing hues, and our architecture be as much advanced in this respect beyond the most colored of recent buildings as the latter surpass in hue our monotonous brownstone blocks? There needs but the demand. Our kilns are ready, and so are the artists, modellers, and workmen.



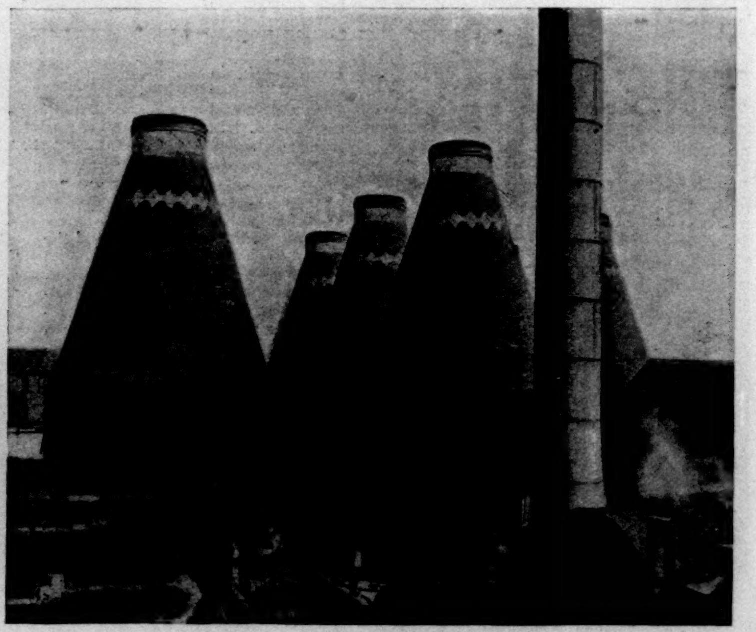
PEDIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DEPOT.
Karl Bitter, Sculptor.

New York has at present two great companies which produce the most artistic work, one with kilns at Perth Amboy, called the Perth Amboy, the other with kilns at Long Island City, called the New York. The latter has a branch in Philadelphia, and is the agent for a Boston factory. Large kilns for the coarser work exist at Chicago, called the Northwestern Architectural Terra-Cotta, and smaller establishments are found at Terra Cotta, Illinois, at St. Louis, and San Francisco. New York has also several smaller companies, like the Standard, which is the agent for a New England company. It is evident that there is no lack of kilns and skilled labor; what we need now are the leaders in taste, the arbiters and directors in architecture and the arts.

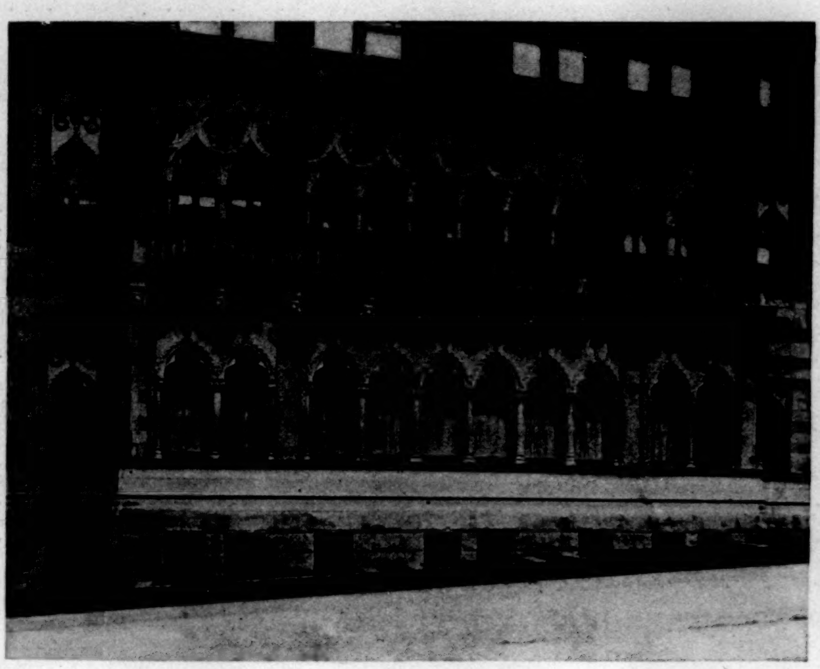
The terra-cotta one sees everywhere nowadays, and generally mistakes for stone (for the very good reason that our kiln-masters are asked for imitations of stone), has a tolerably rough surface that holds dust and soot. A somewhat smoother, uniformly colored skin is often given the blocks by spraying on the faces a solution of clay just before baking. Dull, somewhat shiny faces are produced by a salt mixture. What is called enamelled brick is a more elaborate matter, more like Robbia's thick glaze in a coarse way. Between enamel and salt glaze, however, there is a whole range of surfaces to be made in obedience to the orders of any architect who has the eye and the courage to undertake experiments in terra-cotta that is brilliant, shiny, but not too shiny. Something in this line has been done at Chelsea, Massachusetts, in tiles for hearth backs, jambs, and mantel-pieces. But results are merely tentative so far as terra-cotta for exteriors is concerned.

We can scarcely expect terra-cotta to take its proper place in the arts until architects cut entirely loose from the idea of having it simulate stone.

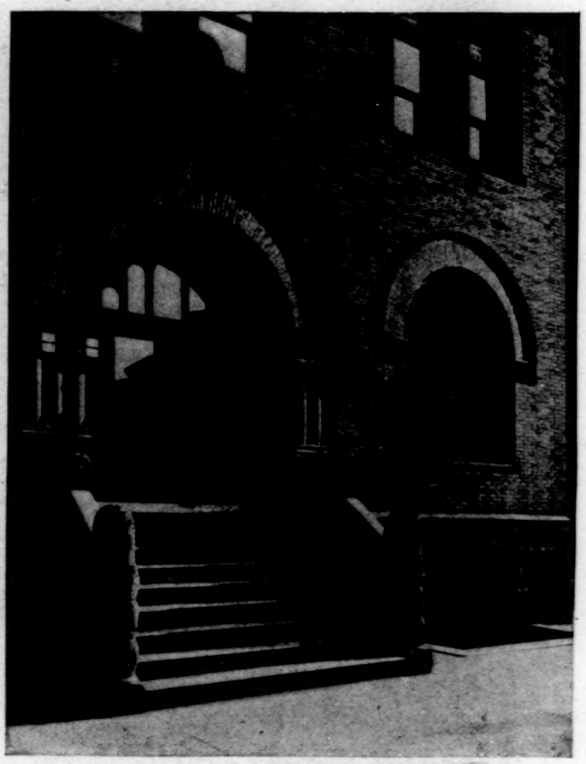
The new iron architecture is a curious parallel in evolution to the structure of living things on the earth. As the old land and marine life, from shell-fish to tortoise, had the



KILNS AT PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY.



MONTAUK CLUB, LINCOLN PLACE, BROOKLYN.
By F. H. Kimball. Friezes by Pozzi.



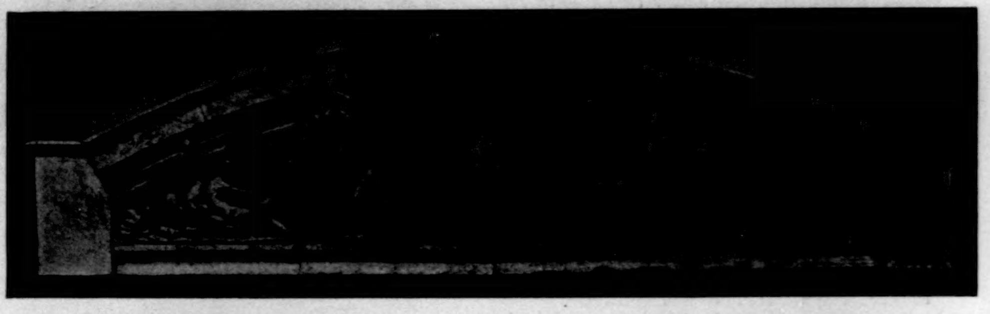
ENTRANCE TO VANDERBILT READING-ROOM, MADISON AVENUE NEAR FORTY-FIFTH STREET.
R. H. Robertson, Architect.

main part of their skeleton on the outside, so buildings have had their strength placed in their walls. But as among the upper beasts and man the skeleton shrinks into inner supports for the creature, so in this new architecture the building stands by reason of its inner skeleton of iron.

Another parallel: Stone architecture did not reach its highest expression until architects cut away from memories of that wooden architecture of which it is generally a copy—until they thought in stone, not in wood.

MAIN FRIEZE, SPRINGFIELD ART MUSEUM.

What can be more pitiable than stucco fronts which imitate large blocks of stone! Terra-cotta, then, must be used boldly as terra-cotta, and advantage taken of the vast unused store of possibilities in its employment. By the use of colored clays, or strong colored faces protected and fixed by transparent glazes, as in pottery, an architecture beautifully suited to our clear atmosphere can be evolved, and one that fits equally well great populous centres in which soot is a plague—Pittsburg, Chicago, and Cincinnati, for example; perhaps very soon New York.

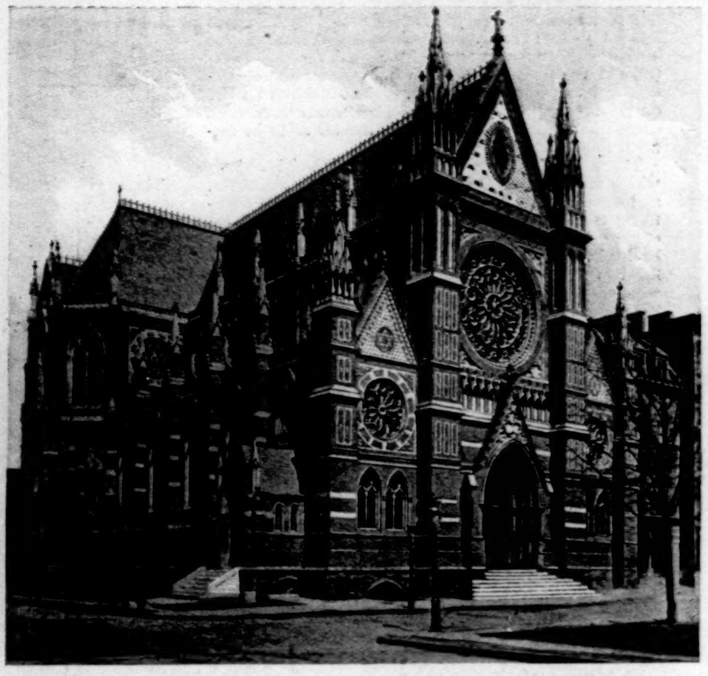


PEDIMENTAL SCULPTURE FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

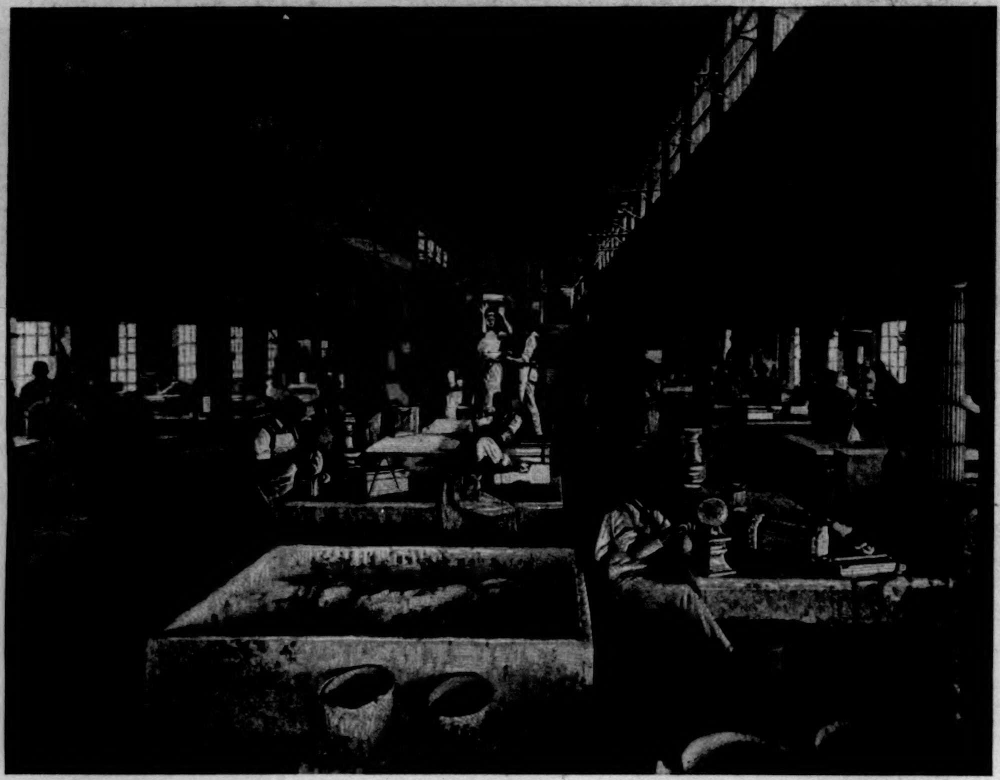
Color was often employed in antiquity and the Middle Ages to cover up in architecture what was lean and ugly, or in sculpture what was of poor material. With terra-cotta this need no longer occur. Of course cheap things are turned out so badly made that a coat of paint improves them; but our chief kiln-masters are not anxious for that. Their trend is toward refinements on previous results, toward greater beauty in modelling, and a profounder study of the factors in each case, such as the amount of light a given piece or a series of pieces is to receive, their distance from the observer, their color relations to the rest of the building. They are training a number of young men to model with the special needs of architects in view. And while it is quite true that they have still an immense deal to learn, the onus lies rather on the shoulders of architects and their clients who are the employers of architectural terra-cotta than on the managers of the kilns. Especially in our sooty cities is terra-cotta for architecture a boon, and glazed terra-cotta must soon be a necessity.

It is easy to foresee that an artist architect in the use of terra-cotta who combines the color sense with the sculpturesque might provide a city with glorious monuments. Imagine for a moment such a man to be given the problem of a triumphal arch. Would he not make that a work of art? There is no monopoly of such monuments for marble, or granite, or freestone, or brick with a stone skin. On the contrary, properly carried out in terra-cotta it would be a novel as well as beautiful

ROOSEVELT BUILDING, NEW YORK.
S. D. Hatch, Architect.



ALL SAINTS' ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 129TH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE.



MOULDING-ROOM, PERTH AMBOY TERRA-COTTA COMPANY.

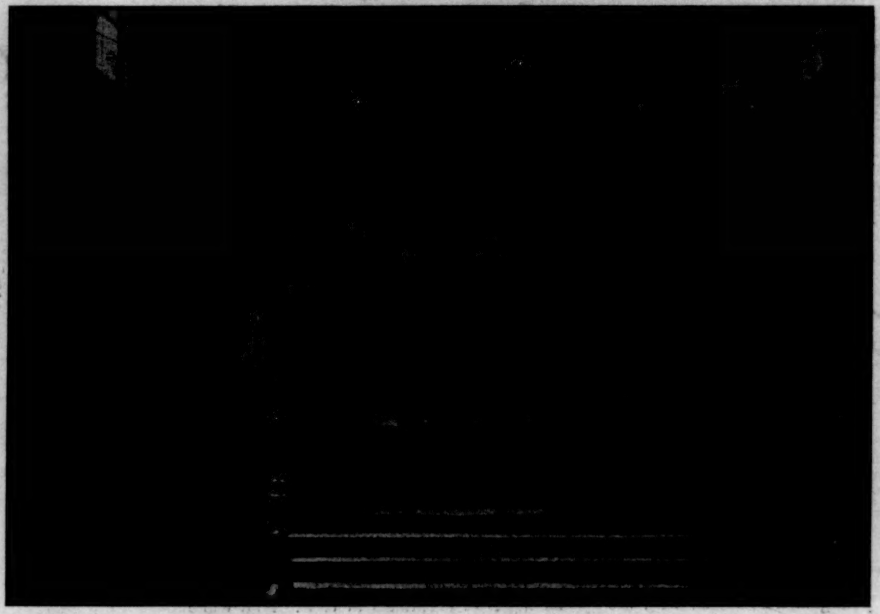
object, and widen sensibly our horizons in such matters of civic decoration. The trouble has been that efforts pointing that way, made in France and England, have come from men without color sense, without an understanding of the limitations of terra-cotta, and often without taste.

This is only one, and perhaps a striking, example of the possibilities of terra-cotta. Its use on a smaller scale is practically endless, on so many sides does it touch human life. Ceilings, walls, and floors of chambers and halls, fences, benches, and other things in gardens and parks, interiors of houses of worship and public buildings, the embellishments as well as inner linings of baths—for which it is already used—in fine, pretty much everything in the way of architecture can be made of terra-cotta supported by iron.

The Legislature of New York passed a bill appropriating $50,000 for a monument to be placed in Battery Park. Now, it is easy to spend that sum on a conventional bronze statue with conventional pedestal. But how much more effective, novel, and interesting, and at the same time how much more striking as an object, would be a water-portico or water-gate in front of the sea-wall, raised to the honor of the American navy, and giving access from the water to the city by way of that park! It would form a landing-place for processions of sailors and marines. Such a water-gate might have niches filled with statues, and its top covered with groups; for there would be no cost of bronze or of casting. Statues made to scale, and shrunk in the firing to the proper size, would look as well as if they were in bronze—aye, better. Such things are feasible; they are within our grasp; it is for those who know to seize the chance of initiating ornaments of cities composed of terra-cotta.

The truth of this may be felt during a walk about New York. Observe at Thirty-first Street and Broadway low-relief elephant heads with floral adjuncts, rudely modelled for distant effect. Note the high-relief lion heads on the power-house at Third Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street. Examine the caryatides on the Twenty-eighth Street front of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the decorations of the Madison Square Garden and the Garrick Theatre. The Manhattan Life, on Broadway below Wall Street, has much terra-cotta decoration, much of it so high in the air as to be difficult to see.

There is, of course, plenty of commercial objects which some of the terra-cotta companies keep in stock, and therewith suit the ordinary man who wants something that is popular. But such work does not exclude original designs by sculptors, which need never be duplicated, or, if repeated more than once, then confined to that building alone. Special designs may be seen on the Grolier Club House and the Century, on the See House in Lafayette Place, on the Colonial Club, and various safe-deposit warehouses in the upper part of the city, and on the Catholic Church on Madison Avenue and 129th Street. Philadelphia has been seeing terra-cotta on a large scale at her big new station for the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and Brooklyn, naturally, is not behind in the race. The Montauk Club is an example.



ST. MARK'S CHAPEL, TENTH STREET AND AVENUE A.

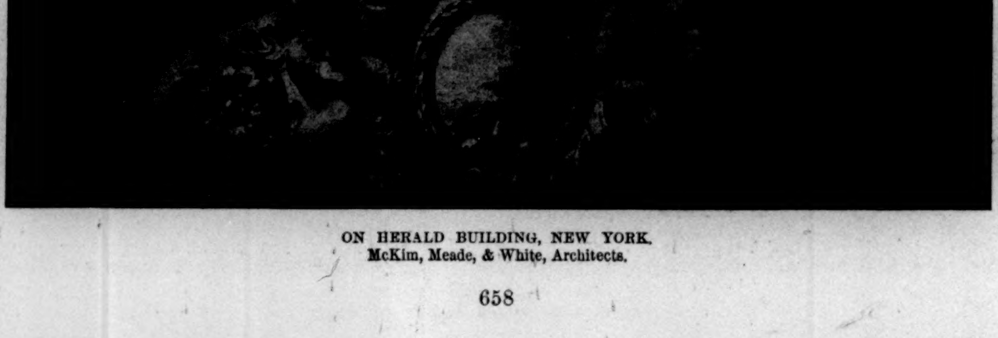
There are various reasons for the spread of terra-cotta. It has extraordinary strength to resist crushing weights, and yet is light—a very serious advantage for tall buildings. It has far more durability as to weathering than stone, and does not crack under the heat of conflagrations. It can be had in unlimited quantities, exactly of the size and shape and strength needed. It is fire-proof, which is more than can be said for iron. The only drawback in its use has been the lack of architects with taste and knowledge to take advantage of the situation. They are timid, or they lack color sense, or they are in too great a hurry to work out the problems with their clients and the owners of kilns.

Terra-cotta decorations are absolutely impervious to weather. They can be altered in the clay, and arranged to suit the patron; even after being burned, the inner surfaces, if not the faces, are not entirely beyond the changing effects of the chisel. But, once in place, they never crumble, like stone, nor oxidize, like metals. Furnished with a slight surface, they can be washed daily without harm, if that be necessary, and their powers in resisting heat from burning buildings are of course greater than any other material—greater even than brick.

Terra-cotta is not a substitute for stone and brick, but an independent material, which the architect may handle in ways best suited to his plan. Among modern nations Holland has been a special user of terra-cotta, led thereto naturally by the absence of wood and stone. Hints for the employment of it abound in her living and dead cities and towns—hints only, for, unfortunately, good taste in the use of terra-cotta is almost as rare in Holland as in England. An era of architecture did not coexist in that small country with the great era of painter-colorists; had it been otherwise, Holland would be as famous to-day for her architecture as she is for her old masters of painting.

We should not make the mistake of overlooking our own advantages in this respect. We have in our painters a store of educated men, some of whom possess a native genius for color. They have shown it not alone on canvas, but in stained glass and mosaic. There is a powerful, healthy craving for color in the people that strives to gratify itself in various ways, but is constantly sneered down by would-be connoisseurs. Colorists should be brought out and their talents utilized by architects and kiln-masters, in order to carry terra-cotta forward into its legitimate sphere, and cause our dingiest cities to blossom like the rose.

On the side of sculpture terra-cotta has another mission to fulfil. That is, to furnish the people with sculpture for their homes, within and without, at prices suited to moderate means. Here our best sculptors should be called upon, and the intentions of the National Sculpture Society carried out, which embrace the publication of original sculptures on a small scale in terra-cotta, as well as bronze. In terra-cotta the widely separated streams of color and form come together again, but during their separation artists have learned a great deal concerning the proper sphere and limitations of each.



ON HERALD BUILDING, NEW YORK.
McKim, Meade, & White, Architects.

ON THE CARIBBEAN SEA.—[See Page 652.]

1. Government House, Belize. 2. Native Women at Livingston. 3. Sir Anthony Moloney, K.C.M.G. (Centre Figure), Governor of British Honduras. 4. Barracks at Port Barrios. 5. The Guatemalan Army at Livingston. 6. Native Constabulary, Belize. 7. Main Shed, Belize.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

I.

THERE was a double stroke on one of the bells in the lofty steeple of Trinity Church, and the hands on the dial of the clock showed that this ambiguous signal was intended to declare the hour as half past one. Down below on the plain of Broadway, and in the narrow canyon of Wall Street hollowed out straight away from the church door, men and boys were darting hither and thither; and an observer used to the ways of the Street would have remarked an unusual haste in their movements, and would have known that a pitched battle of some sort was then raging in the Stock Exchange on Broad Street, just around the corner.

It was a clear bright day in the first week of December, and the westering sun warmed the three windows of an office on the second floor of a building almost in front of the Stock Exchange. Two of these windows belonged to the larger room, where the clerks sat, and where the furniture was plain and dingy; here a hard-coal fire glowed in the grate, and the door opening into the hall had painted on it, in full black letters, the name of Ezra Pierce. The third window was that of a smaller room opening from the first, and used by Ezra Pierce as his own private office.

When the single stroke of the bell dropped from Trinity steeple that limpid afternoon in December the door between the two rooms was closed, for Ezra Pierce was closeted with a visitor in the smaller of the two. In the outer office the old bookkeeper, Mr. Arrowsmith, was making out an account; and the other clerk, a younger man and better dressed, Farebrother by name, was standing between the windows watching the tape as it was spasmodically reeled off by the ticker.

"I guess the old man's pretty happy to-day—he's got Sam Sargent in a hole this time, sure," he said. "Transcontinental has gone off two points since I came in from lunch. I'm glad I backed the old man's luck. I've made enough already to pay for my Christmas presents." Then he released the long ribbon of paper and crossed to the fire. "I say, Arrowsmith," he continued, "why don't you ever take a flier?"

The old bookkeeper finished adding a column of figures and then answered, gravely, "I have taken too many fliers, as you call them, in other days—and that is why I am now keeping Mr. Pierce's books instead of employing you to keep mine."

Before Farebrother had time to find an appropriate retort the door into the hall opened and a young man entered hastily.

"Has father asked for me?" he cried, as he came towards the fireplace.

"No," answered Farebrother, briefly.

"I'm glad of that," said the young fellow, "but I really had a good excuse this time. You see, I met two classmates at lunch, and we got to talking, and I didn't really know how late it was till I heard the clock strike."

He took his place before the fire by the side of Farebrother. His name was Winslow Pierce, and he was the only child of the owner of the office. He was scant twenty-two years old, slight and pale, with full lips, a small nose, and a small chin. There were no lines on his unworn face. A struggling, reddish-brown mustache gave him something to pull at when he was not biting his nails. He was simply dressed, with even a suggestion of rusticity in his attire; his trousers were not well cut, and although nearly new, they were already bagged at the knees.

"I don't go to Delmonico's for my lunch every day," said Farebrother; "the food there is too rich for my blood. But I wish I'd gone to-day, just to see how excited the crowd is."

"I suppose they were a little more noisy than usual to-day," Winslow Pierce answered; "but they're always noisy enough, seems to me. Has father been out to lunch yet?"

"Not to-day. And he didn't go out yesterday, either," the clerk responded. "Fact is, half the time he doesn't eat any luncheon, not even a roll; you'll find that out for yourself when you've been here long enough."

"And mother told me to see that father had some soup or something regularly at half past twelve," said the son. "I don't see how I ever forgot it."

"Your father doesn't need any lunch to-day," Farebrother declared, laughing. "Sam Sargent is his pudding to-day."

"But I thought that father didn't approve of Mr. Sargent—" began Winslow.

"He doesn't," the clerk interrupted, crossing over to the ticker once more; "and that's why he's knocking the stuffing out of Transcontinental." Farebrother glanced at the tape again. "He's hammered it down another point already! And he takes it as easy as if Sam Sargent wasn't one of the hardest fighters in the Street. What do you suppose your father is doing now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the son answered.

"He's in that office talking with Doctor Thurston," said Farebrother, "and I guess the dominie is striking him for a donation."

"Doctor Thurston says that father gives more liberally than any other man in the church," the son returned, not without a touch of pride.

"It isn't his giving the money that's so wonderful," Farebrother declared. "It's his finding time to talk to a minister on one of the liveliest days the Street has seen for a long while."

"Do you suppose they know that it's father who is selling Transcontinental?" Winslow Pierce asked, pulling at his mustache again and trying to curl it.

"They must know it, of course," Farebrother answered. "But the old man—I mean, your father—has kept so quiet about it that guessing is all they've got to go on."

Just then there came from the private office the sharp clang of a call-bell. Winslow went to the door, opened it, and disappeared in the other room.

"Say, Arrowsmith," remarked Farebrother, when the door had closed behind Ezra Pierce's son, "I wonder what they do teach 'em at those up-country colleges?"

In a minute Winslow came back, shutting the door again, and going straight to the bookkeeper's desk. "Mr. Arrowsmith," he said, "father wants a check for a thousand dollars to the order of Doctor Thurston, and charge it to Foreign Missions."

"Certainly," answered the old bookkeeper, opening the square check-book.

"I don't see how he can be so calm," commented Farebrother. "If it was me, I'd be hanging over the ticker instead of hobnobbing with dominies. I'll bet that Sam Sargent isn't wasting his breath on any minister just now."

Mr. Arrowsmith had written the check, and, taking his brass-edged ruler, he tore it from the book. "Foreign Missions?" he queried, as he handed the slip of paper to his employer's son.

"Foreign Missions," the son repeated, walking over to the private office, into which he disappeared again.

"It's the old man's check, of course," said Farebrother, going back to the fireplace, "but it's Sam Sargent who's going to make the deposit to meet it. I guess it's the first time he ever chipped up for the heathen."

Suddenly his manner changed. The door into the hall had opened, and a tall, full-bodied man had entered. He was rather handsome, with a florid complexion and a heavy blond mustache streaked with gray. He was perhaps fifty years old. His manner was easy and masterful. His step was quick and vigorous. He pushed open the gate in the low railing which partitioned off an outer space in the office. Farebrother stepped forward to meet him.

"Is Mr. Pierce in?" asked the new-comer.

"He is engaged just now," responded the clerk, respectfully, "but I've no doubt he will see you, Mr. Sargent."

"All right, then—tell him I'm here," Sargent answered, taking in every detail of the office in a single swift glance of his clear blue eyes.

Farebrother tapped at the door of the private office. A strong, hard voice called, "Come in!" The clerk obeyed.

Sargent walked forward to the window in front of him, and stood there silently, with his right hand in his trousers pocket. He smiled as he looked down on the crowd of men and boys, now pressing up to the door of the Stock Exchange, and now scattering in all directions away from it. The old bookkeeper came out of his cage, and pretended to poke the fire, so as to get a better view of the man against whom his employer had been waging so bitter a fight for the last year or two.

The door of the private office opened abruptly, and Winslow Pierce stepped aside to let the minister pass before him.

Doctor Thurston had his hat in one hand, the check in the other, and his overcoat on his arm.

As Winslow took the overcoat to assist the minister in putting it on, Sam Sargent faced round. "Ah, doctor," he cried, "is that you? I haven't seen you for a long while."

Doctor Thurston smiled a little bitterly. "You can always find me where you used to find me," he answered.

Before the speculator could reply, Farebrother came out of the private office and said to him, "Mr. Pierce will see you now, Mr. Sargent."

Sargent nodded to the minister, taking in Winslow with another of his swift glances, and stepped inside the private office.

He was heard to say, "Mr. Pierce, you are probably surprised to see me here, but I've called to find out if we can't settle this thing between ourselves."

"There isn't anything to settle that I see," said the strong voice of Ezra Pierce.

"That's what I've come to talk over," returned Sargent. "Do you object to my smoking? I find now that I can always talk better when I've a cigar in my fingers."

"Certainly—smoke, if you wish;" and then the voice of Ezra Pierce was raised, and there was a hint of harshness in it as it said, "Mr. Farebrother, please close that door."

By this time Winslow had assisted Doctor Thurston into his overcoat. The minister folded the check carefully and put it in an inner pocket. Then he buttoned up his overcoat, and twisted a knitted comforter about his neck.

"I would not have obtruded myself upon your father if I had known that he was so busy to-day," the minister said. "Fortunately, I had concluded my little chat with him before we were interrupted."

"I was ever so surprised to see Mr. Sargent here," Winslow Pierce declared, "but I was almost as surprised to see that he knew you."

"He used to have a pew in my church," explained Doctor Thurston, a little stiffly; "but that was before his daughter married an Episcopalian; and I am bound to admit that he was never assiduous in his attendance. By-the-way, Winslow, I hope to see you at the Friday evening meeting this week."

"I shall try to be there, sir," said the young man, as he followed the minister to the outer door.

"I do not think that you will need to exercise great resolution to accomplish so simple a duty," Doctor Thurston remarked.

When young Pierce had accompanied the minister out into the hall to escort him to the elevator, Farebrother took up his old position before the fire.

"I say, Arrowsmith," he asked, "what does this visit of Sam Sargent mean? Do you suppose he wants to beg off?"

The old bookkeeper shrugged his shoulders doubtfully, but made no other response.

A minute later Winslow Pierce returned. "I don't know when I've been so surprised," he said to Farebrother. "I didn't suppose that either father or Doctor Thurston knew Mr. Sargent—a man of that character."

"Why, what's the matter with Sam Sargent's character?" asked the clerk, in honest surprise.

"Father says that he is an evil-liver, a profligate, and not to be trusted," was the answer.

"Not to be trusted?" echoed Farebrother. "That's news to me. I never heard of his going back on his bank or doing anything crooked. Of course, the old man—I mean, your father—doesn't like him, and he's squeezing him to-day: and I suppose that's why Sam has just come here. I guess he's trying to coax your father to let up on him."

"How is father hurting him?" asked the son.

"He's driving down Transcontinental Telegraph point by point," the clerk declared—"that's what your father is doing; and if he can keep it up long enough, he'll break Sam Sargent before he gets through."

Winslow Pierce was biting his nails as he hesitated, and then spoke again: "I do wish father would take me more into his confidence. I've been here two months and more now, and I don't seem to be any use yet. The work was all arranged long before I came; and you and Mr. Arrowsmith do it all. I am only a fifth wheel—that's what I am."

"Don't you be in a hurry," returned Farebrother; "the old man will make you useful yet. He'll put you into more than one board before the winter's over, and by this time next year you'll be a director in a dozen big things."

"Do you think so?" asked the young fellow—"really?"

"Sure," was Farebrother's answer.

"I hope you are right," said the son. "I'd like to be of some use in the world."

Then the door of the inner office opened, and Sam Sargent appeared again. "That's your last word, is it?" he said, looking back, with his hand on the knob of the door. "You won't?"

"I can't," said Ezra Pierce, following his visitor into the larger room. "I shouldn't feel it right. There are others acting with me."

"Very well," returned Sam Sargent, taking the extinct cigar from his mouth and throwing it across the room into the fireplace. "If it is a matter of conscience with you, of course we can't hope to agree, and we needn't waste any more time over it. Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon," said Ezra Pierce, with his silhouette framed in the window as he stood and watched his opponent leave the office.

Ezra Pierce was tall and thin, and he stooped habitually; he had gray eyes, a large nose, and high cheek-bones. His grizzled hair was straight and ample; his beard was clipped, and his upper lip was clean-shaven. His black frock-coat was unbuttoned, and his waistcoat, open halfway down, showed a simple white shirt. He wore a plain black silk neck-tie. He was nearly sixty years old; perhaps he looked a little older.

His son came up to him. "Father," he said, "I didn't know that you knew Mr. Sargent."

"He knows me better now than he did half an hour ago," declared Ezra Pierce, calmly, but not without a suggestion of triumph in his voice.

"You must have got him pretty badly scared," said Farebrother, admiringly, "or he'd never have come here."

The owner of the office took up the tape of the ticker, which had begun again insistently to record the movements of the Stock Exchange across the street.

He smiled as he read the latest figures jerkily printed on the white ribbon. "Come here, Winslow," he said.

When his son stood beside him he read aloud, but in a rasping whisper, the telegraphic word of his attack: "100, $15\frac{7}{8}$—200, $\frac{3}{4}$—100, $\frac{7}{8}$—500, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{4}$—200, 15."

"You are hammering it down," the son declared, with admiration.

"Well," the father returned, "I don't know as it is a bad day's work; and we can do better to-morrow, I think."

"If you do that," his son commented, "Transcontinental won't be worth anything at all, hardly."

"I don't see why it isn't worthless now as long as that man Sargent has control," said Ezra Pierce.

The outer door opened, and a small boy with a face of precocious shrewdness entered, holding an envelope in his hand. He looked at the men in the office, and then went up to the old man and asked, "Is this Mr. Pierce?"

"Yes," was the answer. "Is that letter for me?"

The boy handed him the envelope and said, "Mr. Silvige said I was to deliver it to Mr. Pierce himself."

"That's Mr. Pierce himself," Farebrother answered, while Ezra Pierce said nothing, but tore the letter open with a single fierce movement of his fingers.

He read the note at a glance, and then said to the boy, "Tell Mr. Silvige that I will come down at once."

"That's all right," the boy responded, taking his departure promptly. "I'll tell him."

Ezra Pierce looked over the letter again. Then he turned to his son, "You can come with me, Winslow," he said, lowering his voice. "Mr. Silvige wants to see me to arrange for to-morrow."

"It's pretty cold outside, Mr. Pierce," said Farebrother. "Hadn't you better go down by the rear elevator, and get in at Silvige & Cusachs's back door? Besides, you are not so likely to be seen that way."

"I intended to go down by the rear elevator," answered his employer, "but I don't know as I'm ever afraid to be seen anywhere."

The father and the son took their hats and were about to leave the office, when Ezra Pierce paused.

"Mr. Arrowsmith," he said, "what's the balance at the bank to-day?"

The old bookkeeper opened the check-book again and answered, "Not quite two millions."

Then the father and the son went out together.

When the door had closed behind them, Farebrother said to Arrowsmith: "The old man's going for Sam Sargent, is he? He's ready to put in that two millions to-morrow where it will do the most good."

The old bookkeeper shrugged his shoulders silently and went on with his work. Presently he laid down his pen and turned around.

"If you want my advice, Mr. Farebrother," he said, "I'll give it to you. It's this: close out your flier to-day—since you have made enough to pay for your Christmas presents. Take your profit now, for you don't know what may happen to-morrow."

"That's so," responded Farebrother. "Maybe you're right. Sam Sargent is as smart as they make 'em; and he's bound to get back at the old man, sooner or later."

II.

After a protracted conference with Silvige & Cusachs, his chief brokers, Ezra Pierce and his son returned to his own office for a few minutes. Then they set out to walk home together, as they always did when the weather was fine.

It was on the stroke of four by Trinity clock as they crossed Wall Street and passed before the steep decline of the Sub-Treasury steps. At the corner of Nassau Street they were checked by a temporary blockade of cabs and carts, but in a minute or more the vehicles were skilfully disentangled. The last carriage to get out of their way was a brougham, through the open window of which father and son caught sight of the good-natured, sensual face of Sam Sargent, with a serious expression on it at first, giving place to an ironic smile as soon as his eyes fell on Ezra Pierce.

"Father," said Winslow, "weren't you surprised to find that Doctor Thurston knew Mr. Sargent?"

"Did he know him?" his father answered. "I wasn't aware of it. But it is the doctor's business to know all sorts of people. And it would do Sargent good if he knew more men like Doctor Thurston. But he is a man of low character himself, and he prefers low associates."

"Is he as bad as that?" the son asked.

"I don't mean that Sargent has friends in the criminal classes—of course not. He knows some of the best men in New York, and they seem to tolerate him, for some reason. But he is a fellow of common tastes; he likes fast horses, for instance, and other fast things, I've no doubt. I distrust him, too. He is a mere speculator, with no real understanding of the needs of the country. I don't see as he's any better than a gambler."

"I remember hearing a sermon, when I was a Freshman, I think," said the son, "in which everybody in Wall Street was called a gambler."

"That preacher did not know what he was talking about," answered Ezra Pierce, as they turned into Broadway and faced northward. "There are gamblers in the Street, no doubt—there's Sam Sargent, as I've said—there are the fellows who watch the ticker foolishly day in and day out—the kind of men who believe in luck!" There was an infinitude of scorn in the harsh voice of the father as he spoke this last word.

"Don't you think there is anything at all in luck?" asked Winslow, doubtfully.

"Nothing at all," the father responded, forcibly. "Luck is a fool's word. It is the excuse of the incompetent. There's really no such thing as luck—and there can't be. There are opportunities every day for every man, but only the man of sense and determination knows how to avail himself of them. These poor wretches who spend their lives trying to guess whether Transcontinental is going up or going down; they believe in luck; but when a man is putting Transcontinental down, he knows better—he has made sure that there isn't any luck one way or the other."

"I see the difference, I think," the son said. "The men who merely take chances are gamblers, and the men who make chance do as they please, they are—"

"They are the most useful men in the community," interrupted his father. "They are the real power in Wall Street—not the mere speculator, who is of very little account. And bear this in mind always, Winslow—the men who rule Wall Street are the greatest benefactors of humanity the world has ever seen. They are the men who are developing this mighty country of ours, who are opening up new States to the oppressed millions of Europe, who are building the great railroads and bridging the great rivers and establishing the water-works of great cities through all the mighty West. I see speeches made in Congress sometimes by Western men denouncing Wall Street. They are as ignorant as your clergyman was—and there's less excuse for them, for they ought to know, if anybody does, that it is Wall Street that has made the West. Without the millions that the Street has been pouring out for years, the West wouldn't be better than a barren waste to-day. I've done my share of the good work, too, and I'm proud of it, of course, but I'm too old to expect gratitude for it from anybody. Yet I do get angry when I hear people abuse Wall Street just because they choose to be blind to the great good the Street has done to the whole country."

"The preacher I heard," said Winslow Pierce, "didn't take that view of it. I wish I'd known then what your opinion was, and I half think I'd have gone up after the sermon and told him where he was wrong."

"He has this excuse," Ezra Pierce admitted, "that he judged the Street as if there wasn't anybody in it that wasn't like Sargent. Well, there is. Sargent represents the worst side of Wall Street—not the best. It's men like him who delay improvements—who stand across the path of progress. That's one reason why I want to get rid of him."

"I don't see how a man of his character can be really in your way, father," remarked the son.

"He has powerful friends," the elder man declared, "and somehow he seems to have a knack of talking them into helping him. Two or three times he has interfered with schemes of mine. But after to-morrow I don't know as he will ever want to oppose me again. That will be a lesson to others, too!"

"I suppose that's the reason you refused his offer of settlement?" the young man inquired.

"Partly," his father answered. "You heard what I told Silvige & Cusachs. But my real reason was that I can get all he offered me to-day without paying him for it."

"Can you?" Winslow began, admiringly. "I wish I could see how, but—"

"I'll show you how," the old man interrupted. "He offered to make a pool and let me control it, and put Transcontinental up again to fifty."

"And he was willing to resign the presidency in your favor, and—" Winslow suggested.

Ezra Pierce's voice was nearly always loud. It was rarely moderated even in-doors. Now it overbore the milder notes of his son.

"The presidency? He's offering what he hasn't got—or won't have long. If Transcontinental goes down to four or five to-morrow morning—and it is bound to—Sargent will not be able to borrow the money to pay the January coupons on the bonds. The company hasn't cash enough in the treasury to do it. Sargent is trying to arrange for a loan. He thinks he knows where he can get it; but it is one of my friends he is negotiating with, and when the time comes he will find that the money is not to be had. Then we shall foreclose. The stock is mostly in the hands of small holders, and they won't give us much trouble. My man will be appointed receiver. We shall reorganize after a while; and when the new company is formed I intend to put you in as first vice-president."

"Oh, father!" cried the son, pleased at the prospect of his future distinction.

"So far as possible I always keep off boards—it frees me from responsibility," Ezra Pierce declared. "But I must have some one there to represent me. So I shall put you in. And it will be a good thing for you—you will see how a great enterprise can be set on its legs again and made profitable."

"Do you think I am competent, father?" was the young man's next question. "I've had no experience, and—"

"I have the experience, haven't I?" the father said. "I guess I've experience enough for two. And remember the advantages you've had. Why, Winslow, if I had the education you've had, I should be the richest man in New York to-day. And even if I'm not, you shall be some day."

"I don't know how my education will help me to be the vice-president of a great concern like the Transcontinental Telegraph Company," the son returned. "I didn't pay much attention to electricity, and—"

"It's a pretty poor education you've had if it does not fit you to be at the *head* of anything," declared the father. "At your age I was—Winslow, do you know what I was doing at your age?"

"No, sir," responded the son; "at least, not exactly. I know you began as a boy in a country store."

"At your age," his father continued, when he was able to make himself heard after they had crossed the broad space in front of the Post-office, "I was a tin-peddler in Vermont. I was only just twenty-one when I had saved enough money and made enough to buy my horse and wagon. The stock I managed to get on credit."

"No," his son said, "I didn't know you had ever been a peddler."

"I wasn't a peddler long," Ezra Pierce asserted. "Within two years I had a chance to buy into a clothing store in Burlington—and I was senior partner in five years. And when I'd made thirty thousand dollars I sold out and took my money to Boston."

"That was where you first met mother, wasn't it?" his son inquired, eagerly, wondering whether he might not now find an opportunity to tell his father about his own love-story.

"Yes," said Ezra Pierce; "it was in Boston, right after the first battle of Bull Run. She had come down from the old place in Maine to meet your uncle Gideon, who had been shot through the body just at the end of the fight. I'd done business with Gideon, off and on, for four or five years, and I looked him up, and I found your mother taking care of him. And when he died, that fall, from the wound, I got her to agree to take care of me."

"So it was Uncle Gideon's wound in the service of his country that brought you and mother together?" the son commented. "How strangely Providence brings good out of evil!"

"Your uncle Gideon had a good business head," Ezra Pierce asserted. "He was making money even then. If he hadn't been a violent Abolitionist, and gone off to the war on the first call for troops, I don't know as he mightn't have been living to-day. And if he was alive now, I'm sure he'd be one of the richest men in Boston."

"Mother clings to his memory even now," said Winslow.

"I've wished he was alive more than once," Ezra Pierce continued, "for your mother's sake. That was when I was down myself, for I haven't always been rich since we were married, Winslow. Twice I got caught by a twist in the market, and found myself with worse than nothing. I hadn't a dollar, and I owed thousands. But as nobody knew what my losses were, my credit was as good as ever. So I was able to go in again and make another fortune before any one found out that the one I had had was gone. You see, there is always money to be made by a man who knows how. Sometimes the chance is bigger than it is at other times, but there's always a chance for a man with his eyes open. And the bigger the place, the bigger the chances, and the more of them. That's why I came to New York the year you were born."

"October 23, 1869," responded Winslow. "I'm twenty-two now, and I've never regretted being born here."

"Twenty-two? So you are," said Ezra Pierce, "and I am fifty-seven. Well, I have given you a better start than I had—and you must do what I sha'n't have time to do, I'm afraid. I may die before I can finish."

"I shall try to do whatever you set before me," the son said.

"I know that, my boy," the father answered. "And what I propose for you won't be hard. I want you to take a foremost place in this great city of ours. I mean you to be very rich, of course, and I expect you to take the position your wealth and your education entitle you to. It will be easier for you than for me. Neither your mother nor I ever cared for the frivolities of fashion; we have never made a bid for society. I have been too busy, too absorbed in more important matters, and your mother found her interest in the church. Perhaps we have made a mistake—but I don't know as we have. Perhaps we have been negligent of your interests. But you are young, and you haven't any enemies."

"Have you any enemies, father?" asked Winslow, in surprise.

"Every successful man must have enemies," said Ezra Pierce. "And I have been more successful than most men. The people I have passed in the struggle do not love me for leaving them behind. And I have no patience with fools, either; I know what is best, and I say what I think frankly. Perhaps I have been too intolerant sometimes, as your mother says I am; but, at any rate, I have never been mean enough to seek popularity—there has never been any necessity for that."

"But I wasn't very popular either in college," his son returned. "And how can I gain popularity here, if you haven't it?"

"The world is not as small as a college in a little town of New England," the old man answered, "and men of the world are not governed by the same motives as college boys. You needn't be scared. When I'm ready to put you forward you will have all the popularity you need. All in good time. You are very young yet. You must stick to business for a while still. Work hard, and learn how money is made before you learn how to spend it freely."

"I'm ready to work, father," the son said, "and anxious, too. But there seems really to be nothing for me to do in the office, and—"

"I shall find work enough for you soon," the father interrupted. "There is not only the vice-presidency of the Transcontinental before you, but many other positions of importance where you can be useful to me."

"I will do my best," Winslow promised.

"And I shall be satisfied only with your best," his father retorted.

They had walked swiftly, as they always did. This return home on foot every fine day was all the exercise Ezra Pierce could find time for, and he did this as rapidly as he did everything else. His thin figure was a little bent, but his stride was still vigorous. His son's step was younger, of course, and it had more spring; but it was not as strong as the father's: it did not suggest the same reserve of vitality.

That afternoon there was just enough chill in the air to make walking a delight. So interested were the father and the son in their discussion, as they sped along side by side, the elder man with his arm thrust into the younger's, that neither noted the descent of the early twilight of winter, and neither remarked the opaline sky in the west, fading into a delicate blue-gray, against which waved the curving plumes of steam from the tall buildings on the other side of the great highway.

So briskly had they walked that they reached the bend in Broadway just as the bells in the steeple of Grace Church began to chime forth the summons to evening prayer.

It seemed to Winslow Pierce as though the time had come when he had best tell his father what he knew had to be told before they arrived home. The hour was propitious, since his father had been speaking to him with unusual affection. Ezra Pierce was profoundly fond of his only son, but it was rare for him to reveal any feeling. Winslow was moved also by the sudden knowledge of his father's splendid plans for his future. It seemed to impose on him an obligation not to keep his father any longer in the dark as to his own projects.

"Father," he began at last, as they were passing in front of the pleasant bit of greenery before the rectory of Grace Church, "when you were my age, you were in business for yourself. You were doing the work of a full-grown man then?"

Ezra Pierce smiled proudly as he responded, "There were few grown men who worked as hard as I did then?"

"You were your own master?" his son asked.

"I've always been that—ever since I can remember," the father replied.

"You were old enough to marry then?" Winslow went on.

"Of course," was the answer. "But I was too busy to think of it. I had no time to waste on any girl in those days."

"Then"—and the son's voice quavered as he continued—"you won't think I'm too young to marry now?"

Ezra Pierce walked on a few paces without replying.

At last he answered: "No; you are not too young now, and perhaps it would be better for you to marry soon. I don't know but what it's a good thing for a young man to be settled at the head of his own household as soon as he can be."

They sped along, side by side, in silence, for nearly a block farther, and then Ezra Pierce turned sharply on his son and threw the swift question at him, "Are you in love?"

The young fellow hesitated, and the color left his lips; but he was finally able to answer, "Yes."

"Who is she?" was the father's next inquiry.

"She is Miss Mary Romeyn," responded Winslow.

"Romeyn?" echoed Ezra Pierce. "I have heard that name somewhere. Oh! he was the president of your college, wasn't he? He died last winter, didn't he?"

"That's the one, sir," Winslow answered. "Mary was his only child." Then, with an effort, he continued, "She—she is not rich."

"What does that matter?" his father returned, sharply. "I can give you enough to support your wife, I trust. If the girl is a fit person for you to marry, it is of no importance how poor she is."

Again they walked on without speaking for perhaps a minute. Then Ezra Pierce thrust another quick question at his son: "Does your mother know her?"

"Yes, sir," the young man answered. "Mother approves of it."

"So you told your mother before you consulted me?" was the father's natural inquiry.

Winslow felt the blood rush into his face and then leave it. He never knew quite how his father would take an apparent slight of this kind. He hesitated half a minute before he was able to collect his wits sufficiently to stammer forth: "M—m—mother found out for herself, and—and she guessed. So I determined to tell you as soon as I could—and this is the first chance I've had—really, it is. Last night, you know, you had Mr. Cusachs to dinner, and this morning—"

"So Miss Romeyn is in New York now?" his father broke in.

"Yes, sir," the son answered. "She is visiting friends in Seventy-second Street. Mother—mother understood that I was to tell you about it this afternoon, and so she—she has invited Mary to dinner to-night, so that you can see her. And you will be kind to her, father, won't you?"

"I hope I am never unkind to any one," Ezra Pierce responded, gravely. "And I hope, my son, that you have chosen wisely."

"Oh, I know you will like her!" the lover declared. "I don't see how you can help liking her."

"I don't know as I shall try to help it," his father returned.

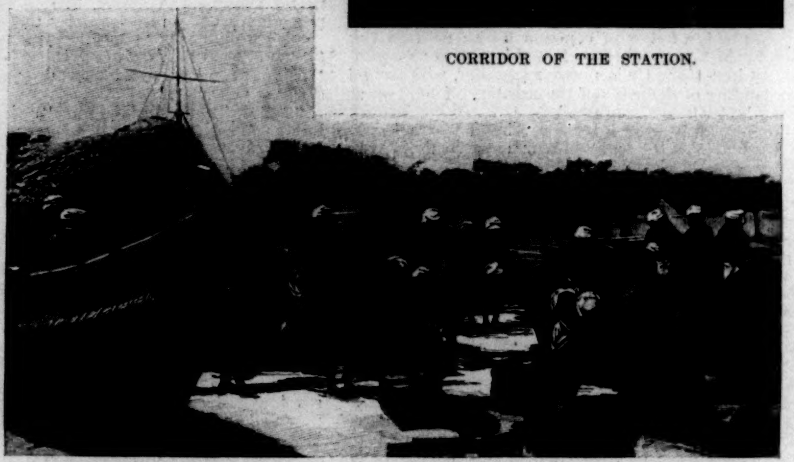
They had now come to Fourteenth Street, and they continued on their way with little further conversation. Ezra Pierce still leaned lightly on his son's arm, but he said nothing; and Winslow did not venture to break into his father's train of thought. They walked through Union Square and went on up Broadway, past the shops displaying brilliantly lighted arrays of Christmas presents.

At Madison Square they swerved to the eastward, and crossed the open space diagonally. Two minutes later they mounted the stoop of Ezra Pierce's house, where the mother and the promised wife of the son were awaiting them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LANDING ON THE PIER AT TUTICORIN.

CORRIDOR OF THE STATION.



NATIVE LABORERS LOADING TILES.

STREET VIEW IN TUTICORIN.

PARALLA-MANNANNA TREE—A CORNER OF THE OLD TOWN.

STREET VIEW SHOWING THE CUSTOM-HOUSES.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN INDIA—TUTICORIN.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN 1894—A CARRIAGE USING THE DAIMLER PETROLEUM MOTOR, AVERAGING 16 MILES AN HOUR.

A CARRIAGE USING THE DAIMLER PETROLEUM MOTOR, AVERAGING 15 MILES AN HOUR OVER A DISTANCE OF 726 MILES.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

SINCE the very early years of this century, when Trevithick invented the first locomotive, the effort to perfect a steam-carriage to run on the ordinary roads has never been abandoned, but has always attracted the inventive skill of ingenious mechanicians. The locomotive of Trevithick, the steam-carriage which led to the introduction of Stephenson's railroad locomotive of some quarter of a century later, was intended to run on the ordinary roads, which at that time, by-the-way, were as bad in Europe as they are in the United States to-day. For years past in Europe there have been in practical use traction or road engines. These, however, have been only for slow work, and they have been used exclusively for the hauling of freight. The inventors have always had in mind the perfection of a motor which would take a carriage along at a rate of speed faster than that of horses, and this idea quite naturally has found a more congenial home in France, where the roads are uniformly excellent, than elsewhere. One year ago there was so much interest in these horseless carriages that a race was arranged between them from Paris to Rouen, the first prize to be given to the carriage which should excel in speed, safety, manageability, and economy. There were one hundred and two vehicles entered, but before the day of the contest this number was reduced by withdrawals and disqualification to twenty-one. The starters were of all shapes and sizes, from neat victorias to great coaches for eight and ten passengers. The first to finish was the Comte de Dion's steam vehicle, a heavy traction engine of some twenty-five horse-power, drawing a four-seated carriage. The next to finish, thirty-five minutes later, was a four-seated phaeton, built by the Sons of Peugeot Brothers of Paris, and propelled by a Daimler petroleum motor. The next four to finish were also propelled by this same motor. The prize was given to the first petroleum motor to finish, and this carriage had covered the distance, eighty miles, in five hours and forty minutes, including two stops of fifteen minutes each. This test was a distinct victory for petroleum engines, and a special victory for the Daimler type of engine.

Another contest was at once arranged for, and the inventors and manufacturers have been preparing for a year past for the race which took place in June from Paris to Bordeaux and return, a total distance of seven hundred and twenty-six miles. To go so great a distance at top speed was a much better test than a short run of eighty miles, and the manufacturers prepared for the contest with great care, as to win or to make a good showing in such a race was of great significance. The prizes, aggregating $16,000, were of value, and worth winning in themselves. There were seventeen starters, including one petroleum bicycle. Of these, eleven used petroleum, five used steam, and one used electricity as motive power. The first to reach Bordeaux was a two-seated petroleum motor, Daimler engine, of Panhard and Levasser. This had covered the distance in 22 hours and 34 minutes. After registering at Bordeaux this carriage, managed by M. Levasser, started back to Paris, where it arrived in 26 hours and 19 minutes, having gone the whole distance in 48 hours and 53 minutes. This was at the astonishing rate of nearly fifteen miles per hour, which included two night runs. The next three to arrive were carriages entered by the Messrs. Peugeots. The first two of these were driven by Daimler motors, and were carriages for one and two persons respectively; the third of them, also driven by the same motor, was a four-place vehicle. It was to this vehicle that the first prize of $8000 was awarded.

The contest has satisfied those who have watched it closely that where there are good roads or substantially paved streets the petroleum motor can be attached to wagons of various sorts, and be made to do the work of horses much more economically than horses now perform that service. These engines have already been used to very great advantage in marine launches, for pumping, and for other purposes, including flying-machines, where great volumes of power are not needed, and the expense of a skilful engineer not desired. In Paris at this time a horseless carriage, driven by a petroleum engine, is so common a sight that it attracts no comment. It is not unlikely that this may also soon be the case in New York. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is already speculating on the cost of making the change on its ambulances from horses to Daimler motors. But it is likely that the first general and extensive use of these petroleum motors will be by the great department stores on their delivery wagons. The delivery of parcels from one of these great stores is a large undertaking, and each such establishment needs to keep a master of horse of skill and experience. A three-horse-power petroleum engine, it has been demonstrated, can be run in New York at a cost of three cents an hour. Such a motor would do the work of two horses, and two horses cost many times more than three cents an hour.

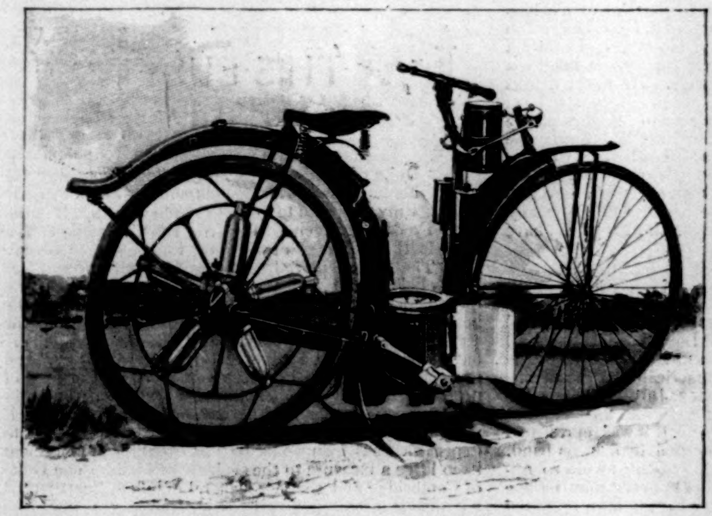
In these petroleum engines it must not be understood that petroleum is used as a fuel for the production of steam. The principle is quite different, as this Daimler motor is the utilization of gas explosions produced at regular intervals. What bothered the inventive minds of those who first experimented with this type of engine was the irregularity of motion, and the fact that when the work to be done was less than the normal power of the engine too many explosions occurred, and the machine ran too fast. The first of these defects was corrected by the introduction of a fly-wheel heavy enough to take up and carry on all surplus force of the gas at the moment of its explosion. The piston was thus brought back by the momentum acquired by the fly-wheel to the position in the cylinder where a fresh explosion had the greatest propelling effect upon it. The second defect mentioned was remedied by an ingenious application of the principle of the regulation governor, by which the gas-valve was not opened when the speed of the engine exceeded a certain limit. Again, the cylinder in which the explosions took place became so hot after a time that the entire engine was likely to be smashed, owing to the expansion of parts made to fit accurately. A water-jacket around the cylinder, and a circulating cistern in connection with it, prevented this catastrophe. The heated water flowed out above, while the cold water passed into the cistern in its turn.

With such general improvement as indicated, the gas-engine became commercially practicable. But it was not until about nine years ago that Mr. Daimler, a German inventor, found that he could make use of the ordinary gas-engine, with some modifications, as a consumer of liquid hydro-carbons, variously known as petroleum, naphtha, paraffine, or gasoline. The chief change was the addition of a small heating chamber, into which the liquid fuel passed before it entered the cylinder. Beneath this chamber a petroleum-burner was lighted, and its metal covering made so hot that the petroleum vaporized as soon as it entered the chamber. The freshly prepared gas was then in position to explode in the cylinder as soon as it was mixed with the air. A small portion of each charge was allowed to escape through an opening near the top of the cylinder, so as to come in contact with the naked light which heated the vaporizing chamber. These various steps were automatically regulated by puppet valves, which regulated the force and time of the explosions.

Such, on general lines, is the Daimler motor which has been used so effectively in these road tests in France. After seemingly perfecting the motor there was much ingenuity required in reducing its size, and also in preventing bad smells and objectionable noise. Perfect combustion secured an abatement of odors, and the size was diminished by shortening the stroke of the piston-rod and enlarging the cross-section of the cylinder. This gave a shorter connecting-rod between the piston cross-head and the pin on the fly-wheel. In order to gain increased power with a shorter stroke, the speed of the engine had to be accelerated from 120 to 700 revolutions per minute.

The Daimler motor, thus generally described, is made in this country at the Steinway Works on Long Island. Mr. William Steinway, the piano manufacturer, is the chief owner of the American patents. Hitherto the motors have been made chiefly in America for marine use, but preparations are now making to apply them to carriages for use in the city streets. The owners of the patents are aware of the fact that the country roads in America are so badly paved that the adoption of any other than the ordinary horse-power over them is at present out of the question.

It will have been noticed that in these experiments in France as to horseless carriages electricity as a motive power has played a very small part. This is no doubt due to the fact that the minds of the electrical inventors have not so far been attracted to this field of experiments. When the problem of an economical storage-battery shall have been solved it seems very reasonable that this will be applied to all forms of vehicles, including the bicycle with pneumatic tires. The gas-driven and steam-driven carriages with pneumatic tires, in the race between Paris and Bordeaux, by-the-way, did not make a fine showing, and the critics said that the pneumatic tires, instead of being an advantage, appeared to have been a hinderance to the vehicles on which they were. The two-seated carriage which came in first was in its running-gear seriously damaged; but the engine, the motor, was all right, so that the structural weakness was in those parts which were not at all new as to carriages.



A PETROLEUM-MOTOR BICYCLE.

PETROLEUM-MOTOR CARRIAGE WITH PNEUMATIC TIRES.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE CHRISTIAN AND THE MOSLEM IN AFRICA.

In our day and generation the old classical question *Quid novi ex Africa* has assumed a new significance and interest. The issue at stake is the possession of the Dark Continent. Shall the factors and forces that are to control its future be Christian or Moslem? Are the ideas and ideals of Western culture and civilization to determine the lines along which the political, religious, and commercial destinies of Africa are to be developed, or shall these be left to the followers of the Prophet of Mecca?

The present is not the first attempt made by Christian and Moslem to secure the ascendency on the Dark Continent. The phenomenal spread of Christianity during the first centuries extended also over a large portion of Africa. About the year 400 Egypt was a Christian land in which theological and secular sciences flourished as nowhere else. The "Switzerland of Africa," as Abyssinia is frequently termed, had adopted the civilization and religion of the Greeks, and under the impetus of this movement had developed a literature in which we yet have valuable works not found elsewhere, as the famous Book of Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, and others. Recent investigations by Italian travellers have shown that Christianity spread southward from Abyssinia among the Gallos and neighboring tribes. Only of late years travellers in these countries have discovered remnants of old Christian churches with a semi-Christian cult and priesthood. Even Kordofan and Darfur were completely Christianized. All the lands along the northern coast of the continent were bulwarks of Christian culture and literature, and in the period preceding the Mohammedan inroads embraced seven hundred and fifty bishoprics. The names and works of the African Church fathers—Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine—were powerful factors in their day. To the present day the Berber tribes continue to use the word "Messia" as an appellation for God. In Timbuctoo, that hot-bed of Mohammedan fanaticism, remnants and ruins of Christian houses of worship are yet found. The Portuguese in the fifteenth century found signs of Christian culture as far inland as the land of Mosri, on the middle Niger, as also on the Guinea coast and in the Cameroons. It is evident from these dates that Christianity at one time covered a large portion of the Semitic and Hamitic sections of the African coast-line, but had not succeeded to any noticeable degree in penetrating the inland districts with their negro population.

The Moslem conqueror came some four or five hundred years after Christianity. The latter had already been weakened by internal dissensions, and within eight years after the death of Mohammed, Egypt had already fallen into the hands of Omar. Abyssinia was never conquered by the hordes of Islam, but with a singular heroism has maintained in its fastnesses a battle for life and death for more than one thousand years against the Arabs, and Abyssinia is this day the only Christian nation in Africa, even though ecclesiastically it represents the petrified formulism of the Greek Christianity of the fifth and sixth centuries. In less than a century the Moslems had conquered all north Africa. In the fourth century of the Hegira, or about 1000 A.D., Mohammedan caliphates were found on the southern lines of the Sahara, while west of the Tchad Sea the kingdoms of Bornu and Sourhai were found, and east the districts of Darfur, Wadai, Baghirini. But the Mohammedans also did not at that stage manage to make material headway among the negro tribes. It was not until in the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Napoleon began to demolish the old political divisions of Europe, that the epoch-making activity of the Mohammedan tribe of the Fulbes or Fellatas began among the blacks of Africa.

This extraordinary tribe has become the protagonist of the Moslem faith among the African negroes. It is itself not a member of the black family, but belongs to the Somali. The Fulbes, however, have a greater or less admixture of negro blood. One of their sheiks, Osman, succeeded in arousing his people to see the necessity of a national religious regeneration, and, sword in hand, the Fulbes began to subdue the neighboring tribes. In 1850 they established their rule on the Senegal, and their armies have even reached the Cameroons. Wherever the Fulbes established their empire they formed colonies of farmers, and their method of propaganda is not unlike that of the Christian Germans among the Wends, and of the Dutch Boers in south Africa. Constantly new additions are being made at the Moslem territories in Africa. In west Africa, near the colonial districts of France and England, in recent years two of the most gifted of negro tribes, the Djolofs and the Mandingos, have accepted the Islam faith. Along the boundaries of Liberia, in the Ashantee country, the Tongo districts, among the Dahomeys, and in the Niger delta the followers of the Mecca Prophet have steadily been penetrating toward the centre of the continent. The tribes along the coast do not submit to the Islam faith so easily, largely for commercial reasons, and for other causes the Congo valley has not been a promising territory for Mohammedan missionaries. But close students of the African problem are convinced that the entire Niger territory, and also the regions around the Upper Nile are in imminent danger of becoming a prey to the Moslem conqueror. By the middle of the present century a large portion of central eastern Africa was under this influence, and from that time on began the propaganda inland along the caravan roads to the lakes. Zanzibar has become a Mohammedan world market. In five years—from 1862 to 1867—over one hundred thousand slaves were exported from this place.

The spread of Islam from these headquarters inland is a propaganda of terror. Stanley, it will be remembered, found in a single Arab camp on the Congo 2300 captured women and children, and reports that 118 villages had been robbed of their entire male population in order to make this capture. For fully eight hundred years Islam was not interfered with in its progress in Africa by any European power. The first opposition came from the Portuguese in the fifteenth century on the west and east coasts. In all probability Abyssinia was saved for Christianity at that time by Christopher da Gama, a relative of Vasco da Gama. But Portugal herself favored the slave trade, and could not permanently check the Moslem onward march in Africa. The beginning of the modern European influence dates from the period of Napoleon and his Egyptian expedition. Soon after that the Christian powers of Europe began to refuse to pay tribute to the robber states of north Africa. France soon gained the upper hand in Algiers. The wars carried on in northern Africa during the present century have greatly weakened the power of Islam there. Of great importance for the advance of Western civilization has been the establishment of the Congo State, and largely through the policy of Germany the eastern coast has come under the influence of Christian powers.

At present north Africa is headquarters of Mohammedan fanaticism. In Cairo is found the famous Moslem University El Azher, with its tens of thousands of students, who afterwards become teachers and preachers throughout equatorial Africa. In the Libyan Desert the Moslem order of the Snussi, founded by Sidi Mohammed Snussi, the chief cloister of which is found on the old oasis of Jupiter Ammon, now called Sinah. He reformed Islam, and established a large number of cloisters. It is claimed that there are fully 1,500,000 adherents of the Snussi order. It is under the direction of a general, which dignity is hereditary, and to this general literal obedience is sworn. The members live as ascetics, denying themselves even coffee and tobacco. The order is very wealthy, and devotes all its means and strength to the spread of Islam. Its methods are largely preaching and teaching, and members of the order occupy the highest position in the states of northern Africa.

Close students of African problems, in view of the extraordinary advantages and comparatively small advantages gained by Islam, and, on the other hand, in view of the extraordinary progress made by the representatives of the Christian culture and civilization, do not hesitate to predict that to Christianity and not to Islam belongs the future of Africa. So good an authority as the German missionary superintendent, A. Merensky, in a recent article states that of the 30,000,000 square kilometres of Africa fully two-thirds are now in Christian hands, and the prospects are that in comparatively few years the entire continent will be under the direction of the Christian states of Europe.

George H. Schodde.

MAYOR STRONG'S OFFICE TEAS.

Mayor Strong surprised the voters during the campaign last fall by inviting them all, collectively and individually, to come and see him at the City Hall after he should become Mayor.

"You needn't send in your cards, boys," Colonel Strong told the East-Siders again and again, and they seemed to like it. Many of them said it made votes for him. However that may have been, those who went to the City Hall found the door wide open, and the Mayor willing to listen to all who came. It was an innovation that was really startling. It didn't require a "pull" to reach the Mayor.

After the Mayor had been in office one week there came another innovation, and this too was a surprising thing. The Mayor began to have afternoon teas, and he has had them daily ever since. The Mayor plainly needed refreshment day after day, as citizens, some seeking office for themselves, some seeking office for others, some calling to pay their respects, and some asking relief from burdens, pressed about him. Delegation after delegation swept into the room, and the wonder of it all was that the Mayor kept his senses, to say nothing of his temper.

It was plain that if he did not need a stimulant, he did need refreshment. To the astonishment of old habitués, the refreshment was tea. The politicians talked about it, and then the town began to talk about it, and soon the Mayor's afternoon teas became famous.

The Mayor had a simple Japanese tea-service sent down from his house. At first there were only two cups. Promptly at four o'clock the faithful colored messenger, Daniel, who had stood between Colonel Strong and the importunate political hangers-on during the campaign, brewed the tea and brought it to the Mayor's desk. It mattered not who was the Mayor's caller at the time. The black tea with sugar and no milk and a jug of hot water were placed before the Mayor, and he and his caller went on talking business or politics, sipping tea as they chatted. Sometimes the Mayor would be talking to two callers at once. The third man had to wait in that case until one cup was washed, or go without tea, and that the Mayor would not permit. The Mayor saw the situation, and in the hearing of all the callers in the office announced one afternoon, "Daniel, Mrs. Strong must send down some more cups."

A third cup soon arrived, but that was found to be inadequate, and it was not long before there were half a dozen cups in the service. The Mayor is as regular in his tea-drinking in the office as the janitor of the building is in raising the flag that announces that the Mayor is at work there. Some of his callers who happen in when the tea is served perhaps would prefer something else, but they invariably take the tea, much to the evident satisfaction of Mayor Strong. He not only likes to drink tea, a habit he is said to have brought to the City Hall from his bank, but he likes to drink it with some one else. When there are no callers to partake of his hospitality he always falls back upon his secretary, Job Hedges, and one of the clerks in his office. Usually a wafer is served with the tea, and the Mayor lingers a good while as he sips the beverage. He never drinks more than one cup.

Daniel left the city's service after a short siege with the office-seekers, but a competent substitute in brewing the tea was found in Messenger Edward Heatherton, who has been in the office since Mayor Hewitt's time. All the political leaders of town, Tammany men excepted, have partaken of the Mayor's tea, and the political fate of many a man has been settled as the Mayor and his guests have sipped it.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN FÊTE.

The Schuetzenfest which was held by the National Schuetzenbund at Glendale Park, Long Island, during all of last week was the most successful celebration of the kind ever held by the German-American citizens of this neighborhood. It began on Monday, July 1st, with a parade of the hundreds of shooting societies that had gathered for the occasion, and each society, if it was represented by only a handful of men, was headed by a brass band. Flags and wreaths and sashes and cockades were so numerous in the procession that almost every man in line looked like a major-general. After having been reviewed by the mayors of all the near-by cities, and by the principal German-American citizens of New York, the parade wound up at the Long Island Ferry, and a jolly, laughing, singing crowd hurried to Glendale Park in special trains.

Shooting at marks was ostensibly the object of the Schuetzenfest, and there is no doubt that enough powder was burned to blow up Manhattan Island, but it is also true that sufficient beer was consumed to float the island back into place again. The shooting may have been the most important object to a few hundred brave Schuetzers in cocked hats and green feathers, but to the thousands and tens of thousands of good-natured citizens, with their buxom daughters and scampering youngsters, the chief delights of the Fest were the merry-go-rounds, the lottery booths, the dancing-pavilions, the bands, the Tyrolean singers, the Punch-and-Judy shows, the magic fishing-tank, the Aunt Sallies, and the negro dodger. Shooting, to the majority, was merely an excuse for a week of real German festivity; and yet as a shooting match the Fest was a very important one, to which came crack shots from all over the United States. The prizes were worth many thousands of dollars, and consisted of cups, medals, silver plate, etc. There was a great number of targets in the big ranges, and two "honor" targets besides. These were the "Columbia" and the "Germania." The first prize for the highest score on the "Columbia" was a silver service of 125 pieces, valued at $1000; and the first prize for the "Germania," a silver cup 36 inches high, valued at the same figure.

One could hardly expect an occasion of this kind to go by without accident. It would be marvellous if no one were shot where hundreds were shooting and thousands were gathered daily. And so the Brooklyn Hospital established a field service at the park, and kept an ambulance and a couple of surgeons there every day. Half a dozen accidents occurred, but none of the men hit with stray bullets suffered any more serious injury than flesh wounds.

The principal pavilion on the grounds was an artistic and elaborate building several hundred feet long, with towers and turrets pointing up into the air. The ranges were back of it, and consequently this was the noisiest spot in the park. Under the same roof was a restaurant and beer-hall, where waitresses dressed in the short-skirted costume of the German peasantry waited on the customers. These girls were jolly-looking persons, with target-shaped hats jauntily cocked over their cheerful faces, and as they walked about with foaming steins of beer in their hands or sat in front of tall Rhine-wine casks, they looked as if they might have just stepped out of the pages of *Fliegende Blätter*. The stout old German Schuetzers between cracks at the targets would come back to the "bierstube," and smile upon the young women in such a jovial, paternal way that the whole Fest took on the appearance of one grand family reunion. It was interesting to note how every good German took pride in decking himself with ribbons and decorations. The most beribboned Schuetzer appeared to be the happiest, and all the little future Schuetzers running about the grounds and riding on the merry-go-rounds were fairly smothered in color.

The Tyrolean quartet, two girls and two men in Alpine costume, deserve credit for their labor—for it was labor. Their stand was in a sort of beer-grove, not a hundred yards from the ranges, and there they stood and sang and yodelled every day, and all day long, trying in vain to make themselves heard above the rattle of the musketry. One of the principal attractions on the grounds was a negro who stuck his head through a hole in a canvas and allowed the visitors to pelt him with baseballs, three shots for ten cents. Many doughty Germans worked themselves almost into a condition of apoplexy in their endeavors to hit the negro's head, but the African was a clever dodger, and after every shot he would look up and grin and hurl some mocking jest at the ball-thrower. One day, however, a quiet-looking young man, who turned out afterwards to be a college baseball-player, stepped up to the stand and threw one ball. He hit the negro square on the top of the head, and it took the doctors several minutes to restore him to consciousness. After that the African dodger made a target of himself for the benefit of large-sized Germans only.

Although the Schuetzenfest was a German affair through and through, a strong current of patriotic Americanism permeated the entire proceedings. On Veterans' day the old soldiers of the Franco-German and of our civil wars gathered in the park and sang "Hail Columbia!" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee!" while the youngsters capered about the band and waved the stars and stripes.

There were no fights and no rows of any kind at the Schuetzenfest. The week was characterized by the good-nature of the crowds. There was a flowing beer-keg under almost every tree, but no man was seen intoxicated, and perfect order was preserved at all times. On the whole, the Schuetzenbund has cause to look back with pride upon its recent festival.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Duke of Cambridge, who is now approaching the end of his term of service as commander-in-chief of the British army, is cousin to the Queen, being the son of Adolphus Frederick, seventh son of George II. Queen Victoria is the daughter of Edward, fourth son of George II. The Duke will retire on October 1st from an office he has held since 1856. Considering that he is a duke and the grandson of a king, he has made a highly respectable head of the British army. He has been devoted to the service, and has put all his strength into his task. There have been those who have called him "old fogy," and especially of late he has been felt to be in the way of necessary military changes and reorganization; but, taking his whole career into survey, he has shown himself more nearly equal to his job than any one had a right to expect that any man would be who owed his appointment in so large a measure to the accident of birth. The Duke of Cambridge and the late General Winfield Scott would have made a remarkably fine pair of military personages. No American general since Scott's time has been quite so

impressive a warrior as "the Duke," or occupied in this country a place so nearly analogous to that which he holds in Great Britain.

The Harvard representatives of the opinion that the glory of a university is a thing wholly independent of the athletic prowess of her sons are to be congratulated on the opportunity that offers for a demonstration of the soundness of their views. Harvard, athletically speaking, is not only "in the soup," as the vulgar say, but she is so deep down in it that it would seem that grappling-irons must be used if ever her poor remains are to be brought again to the surface. Yale has pounded her to a pulp this year whenever opportunity has offered. For the last nine months football has been only a source of sorrow to her; her nine has been walloped at home and abroad; her crews have waded through disaster to defeat; her individual athletes have come out third in a competition of three. Her athletes, however, have this much consolation, that, in the opinion of a strong party among the alumni and in the faculty, they have done their college a much greater service in getting roundly beaten than they would have done if they had won. It may be said that it is not a strong party that holds this view, but certainly it is a party that has had strength enough to get on top. The men who govern the college seem to be either indifferent as to whether Harvard athletes win or lose, or else to prefer to have them lose. They are understood to believe that inter-collegiate athletics have been greatly overdone, that the importance of the development of muscle in the training of youth has been hugely over-estimated, and that the only reputation that is really valuable to a university is reputation as an institution of learning. With such masters it seems idle for Harvard athletes to expect to compete with the men of Yale. It can hardly pay them to struggle for victory. They might as well consider if it would not be as well to drop out of the contemporary competition, and confine themselves to such a cultivation of sports as will give them exercise and amusement. If they want to go in deeper, Harvard is not a likely place for them. If they should all go on a strike for a year or two, and let the faculty and the overseers and the athletic committee manage the university, an opportunity would be given to rate the usefulness of their efforts at its true value, and if their efforts are not useful to the university, it is a pity that so much hard work should go into them.

Perhaps Harvard would suffer if her athletes stopped work, but it is a fact that during the last fourteen years, which have not been years of athletic prosperity with her, the number of students in her academic department has doubled, and her Scientific School has increased nearly tenfold, her increase being a little greater than that of Yale. In these two departments in 1880 Harvard had 880 students and Yale 802, and in 1894 Harvard had 1975 and Yale 1724. Statistics sometimes deceive, but these figures seem to indicate that Harvard can stand a very extensive amount of drubbing in inter-collegiate contests without much injury to her popularity as a university. Perhaps she could afford to drop out of the inter-collegiate contests altogether for a time; and possibly, if it should turn out that her abstention did not do her harm, her experience might tend to allay any eagerness that may exist in other colleges to win at too great cost, and encourage the authorities of such other colleges to put any restrictions that might seem expedient upon the athletic enterprises of their young men.

Two actors received degrees this Commencement—Harvard made Mr. Jefferson a Master of Arts, and Tufts conferred the same honor on Mr. Otis Skinner. Brown made Mr. William Winter a Doctor of Letters; Yale made Mr. H. C. Bunner a Master of Arts. Harvard added her LL.D. to the interesting collection of Captain Mahan, and awarded the same distinction to Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and Sir Frederick Pollock. The latter gentleman, who is Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, came over the sea to help celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dean Langdell's connection with the Harvard Law School, and to discourse before the Law School alumni and other distinguished lawyers on the Vocation of the Common Law. American affiliations seem to be a habit of long standing in Sir Frederick Pollock's family. His father, whose name he inherited, is said to have had a wide acquaintance with American lawyers, and a contemporary newspaper paragrapher tells of a series of magazine articles on the literary development of the United States which were published twenty years ago by Lady Pollock.

Sir Frederick's discourse will be reciprocated in a way by an American, the Rev. William Bayard Hale, who goes abroad this month to lecture at Oxford in the early fall on "The Making of the American Constitution."

Women with honorary degrees promise to become as plentiful in this country as the rarer sorts of blackberries by another season. Mention has been made in this corner of the WEEKLY of the degree of LL.D. conferred on Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer by the University of North Carolina. The same degree was conferred by Union University upon Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, the former president of Wellesley College; and Miss Julia J. Irving, the present president of that institution, received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Brown. Once it is recognized as a proper thing to make honorary doctors of women whose acquirements warrant that recognition, we may look for a great crop of them, for the raw material out of which they may be made has been accumulating for two or three decades, and no college which wishes to honor a learned woman will have any trouble in finding several as yet undistinguished by that sort of recognition who are notoriously fit to receive it.

At Yale this year four young women were awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, but in their cases it was not an honorary degree, but earned in post-graduate courses. Two of these new doctors were graduates of Vassar, one of Wesleyan, and one of Smith.

Whatever justice there may be in Uncle Sam's claim to fifteen million dollars from the Stanford estate, and however much he needs the money, he will get little sympathy in the defeat of his first effort to make his claim good. It has been widely published that if the government won its suit Stanford University would have to shut its doors—a result that would be profoundly lamented not only in California, but all over the country. The recent decision against the government makes the friends of the university easier in their minds, though the case seems likely at present to be carried to the Supreme Court.

It is in bad taste for condemned criminals to squirm at or before execution. It makes the spectators uncomfortable, and tends to make capital punishment unpopular with the readers of newspapers. It is bad enough to execute a man who is persuaded of his guilt and satisfied with his sentence, but when, as in Dr. Buchanan's case, the convicted man is neither persuaded nor satisfied, but makes desperate efforts up to the very last to avoid his fate, executing him is as disagreeable a business as stepping on a mouse that insists upon jumping around. But nothing saves capital punishment nowadays except the belief that it is a protection to human life, and perhaps the more disagreeable the victim makes it, the better its purpose is served.

Much interest attaches to the rumor which comes from London that the Princess of Wales and her daughters have been lately seen in public in gowns with small sleeves and narrow skirts. This bit of intelligence does not necessarily clinch the doom of the balloon sleeves and the letter A skirts, but it will tend to make prudent investors wary of locking up much capital in those vanities. Of course the balloon sleeves must go presently. When fashionable mothers began to put them on little boys' legged night-gowns (*vide* the BAZAR), it became apparent that the taste for them had come to be an extravagance, and could not last. But it will be a shock to miss them. Doubtless we will find our friends much changed when we get down to their real selves again. Some who have grown stout won't shrink as much as we expect, and others who wore away in the hard times perhaps will shrink much more. But let us have the facts at any cost, especially as there must be material enough in the present sleeves and skirts to cut over into anything conceivable, and have enough left over to clothe a child.

In the July HARPER'S MONTHLY Mr. Davis makes a grewsome exposure of the loathliness of the American colony in Paris. It has been supposed hitherto that Americans who lived permanently in Paris did so because they were too poor to live at home, or to avoid creditors, or because they were disreputable, or because they were artists, or students of something, or newspaper writers, or engaged in some business, or geese. Mr. Davis supports this supposition, but he makes those of our brethren who belong in the division last named appear to outnumber all the others by a disheartening majority. His description of the periodical imposition of wreaths on Lafayette's tomb would seem adapted to make that solemn diversion less popular for some time to come among such of the exiles as can still read English.

The Critic Company have gathered from various sources a collection of paragraphs, comments, and assorted information about the most popular book of the season and its author, which is published in a pamphlet entitled "Trilbyana." In making such a pamphlet, the difficulty must have been to determine what to reject. The literature of *Trilby*, if it could all be got together out of newspapers and periodicals, would make a small library of itself.

Neither of the prizes offered by the Bacheller Syndicate for a short detective story fell to a gifted unknown whose abilities had been overlooked. Miss Mary Wilkins, with the assistance of Mr. Joseph E. Chamberlain, of the *Youth's Companion*, took the two-thousand-dollar prize, and Professor Brander Matthews the five hundred. In writing detective stories, as in writing other stories, there seems to be a high degree of usefulness in knowing how to write.

E. S. MARTIN.

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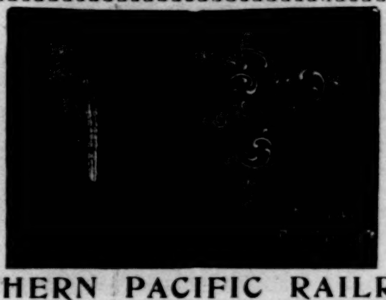

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AMATEUR SPORT

The lawn-tennis tournament of the Neighborhood Club, concluded the first of last week, proved to be a memorable week of play, probably the most notable in the history of the American game. For the first time an English champion performed on an American court, and gave an opportunity of comparing the utmost skill of the old country with that of the new. It is to be regretted that Messrs. Pim and Mahoney, the visiting sportsmen, were unable to remain for other tournaments, but an entire season's play could not have shown more clearly than the week at West

DOCTOR JOSHUA PIM,
The English Lawn-Tennis Singles Champion.

Newton the distinguishing superiority of English cracks over the corresponding class in America. We have known since O. S. Campbell played part of a season on English courts several years ago that the game of our best men is inferior to that of England's best, and Goodbody's fine work at Newport last year, when he won the All-Comers to be defeated for the championship by Wrenn, gave additional evidence in the same line.

Campbell's experience on the other side, the exhibition of Goodbody last year at Newport, and of Pim and Mahoney this year at West Newton, all show the greater strength of the English game to be entirely in backhand strokes and in steadiness of play. So far as the two games are concerned the American one at its best is much the more brilliant, and at its worst quite the poorest. It is erratic; exceeding brilliancy followed by strokes discreditable to mediocrity. Probably it is more fairly described by saying it is immature tennis, and herein seems to me to be the explanation of the marked difference in the two games.

When our leading players are retiring from active competition Englishmen are really just about beginning to show their best form. Few of our cracks play in tournaments more than a year or so after they have been graduated from college. On the other side, if there is any change in attitude after going down from the university, it is, as a rule, to take up the game more earnestly. The ten leading players of America average much younger than a corresponding number of Great Britain.

It will probably be many years before the form of our first ten averages as high as England's first ten. Now and then we will develop a player such as our present champion, Wrenn, for instance, who, in form, combines brilliancy and steadiness; but the temperament of the average American athlete is more suited to flashes of superb effort than to steady, effective excellence. It takes time and age to acquire consistent form in any game, and the ceaseless throbbing of our restless, progressive country allows us neither. Lawn-tennis more than any other sport is affected by this national industry. We rush into our professions with the signatures scarcely dry on our degrees; we have no long twilight, as in England, to give us ample practice at the nets after the day's business is over. Hence, as a rule, our tennis play is for exercise and pleasure only, and falls off materially, or, as is the case just now, when we have leisure, we play golf or ride a bicycle. The tennis-players whom we shall see in the last rounds at Newport for some time to come are pretty apt, as a rule, to be of the Hovey, Hobart, and Larned type, whose "on" days are as brilliant as their "off" days are disappointing.

Next to steadiness at all times and thorough efficiency in the fundamental strokes of tennis, the most noticeable feature of Pim and Mahoney's play is their persistent and strong defensive rather than offensive game. Neither uses the lob except on the rare occasions when hard pressed. Their plan seems to be to miss nothing, to take advantage of every weakness in the opponent, to kill the ball only when given an easy chance, and to let the opponent beat himself. Three of the American four whom the Irishmen met, Hobart, Hovey, and Larned, play a distinctly offensive game, striving to win every point by their own exertions. Chace, on the other hand, relies almost entirely on his lobbing, rarely trying for a pass when his opponent is at the net, and seldom going to the net himself.

Pim and Mahoney's game is so strong all-round that it is hard to find a weakness to attack. Pim especially is master of every stroke and his game sound to the core. Our players all have their favorite strokes and especial weaknesses, and these latter the visitors discovered and played to.

In doubles their system did not work so successfully. Judging from the match at West Newton, the American double game is ahead of the British. Accuracy is not so important as in singles, the court being so much better covered by two men. Speed then becomes a most important factor, and it is in speed, aggressiveness, and dash where our players excel. The strokes of our doubles champions, Hobart and Hovey, were more severe than those of Pim and Mahoney, and all their movements quicker and more in unison. Indeed, Pim remarked after the match that he thought it doubtful if there was a pair in the world superior to Hobart and Hovey.

The Englishmen's rackets are strung with a very fine gut, for which they claim an advantage in the matter of touch over the coarser stringing. The claim seems to be substantiated in their strokes, which, for delicacy and precision, often very nearly approach those of the billiard-player.

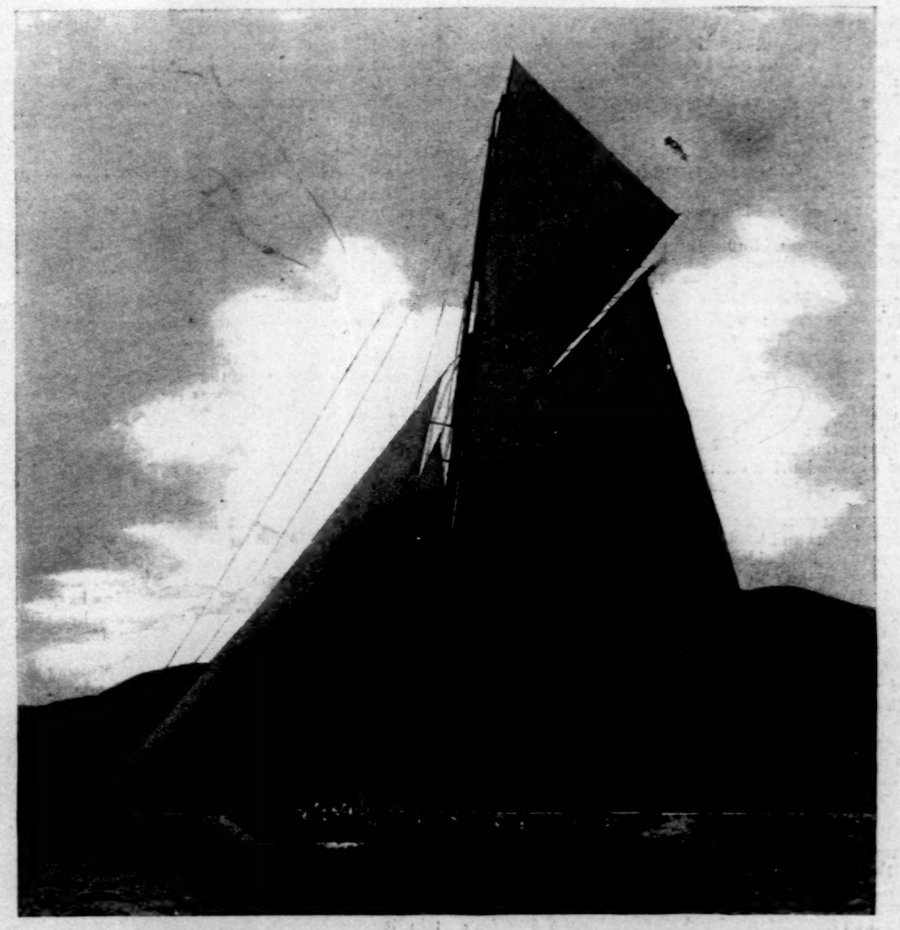
Last year we saw Goodbody's steady, splendid, all-round work win several times against opponents whose sensational play on occasions sent the spectators into hysterical applause. This year, with Pim and Mahoney as preceptors, we have had another demonstration of the superiority of steadiness *vs.* alternant brilliancy. Again have our leading players succumbed to the better all-round tennis of Englishmen, and again we are confronted with the indisputable fact that until our leading players and the game have become more mature we can never hope to hold our own against England's best. This is not asserting that we shall not meanwhile develop some one player who could hold his own against England's champion. I believe we have such a man to-day. In my judgment Wrenn would defeat Pim were they to meet. Hobart did defeat Pim, which shows what the American game is at its best. But this was on one of Hobart's "on" days, and his subsequent off "days" proved the application of what I have here written. Hobart's best game is simply invincible, and if he could be counted upon to invariably show it, he would long ago have won the American championship, and might cross the Atlantic in perfect confidence of bringing the English championship also to this country. The same may be said of Hovey. But one never can depend on either of these men to show the game *throughout* a match of which they are capable; or, rather, I should say one cannot count on either maintaining the pace of their brilliant form throughout three sets. Larned has all the uncertainty and not quite the brilliancy of Hobart and Hovey. Wrenn's brilliancy, on the other hand, is not quite so dazzling as that of the other three, but it is more to be depended upon, and for that reason so long as Wrenn plays and does himself justice, he should defeat any of those now regarded as "leading players." It is sincerely regrettable that he was not in form to enter the Neighborhood Club tournament and meet Pim, or that the latter could not have remained for the Newport championship. As it is, we are indebted to the enterprise of the Neighborhood Club for even a glimpse of Pim and Mahoney. The tournament was thoroughly successful, as it deserved to be, efficiently managed, and the dirt courts the best I have seen, though I am of the opinion that turf courts should be the rule.

Aside from the international coloring of the Neighborhood Club tournament, the week brought together, for the first time this season, the four, after Champion R. D. Wrenn, leading players of the United States—Hobart, Hovey, Larned, and Chace. It may be said, writing generally, that Hobart showed, as usual, remarkably brilliant and exceedingly ordinary tennis by turns; Hovey's form was better than usual at this season; Chace revealed at times some improvement in his game of last year, but his head seems to have outrun his physique—he appears not to be able to play as good tennis as he evidently knows; Larned was so erratic no judgment could be passed on his form; his matches seemed nearly all to be on "off" days. Hovey and Larned came together in the first match of the week, which the former won in straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, showing a decided improvement in ground strokes, while Larned was very wild. On the same day Mahoney beat Hobart in two close sets, the latter's play running the usual gamut from good to bad. The Irishman's style very nearly resembles Goodbody's. His service is sure and well placed, and he frequently runs up on it, as Campbell used to do. Both in back and fore handed play he gives a decided cut, very like the court-tennis stroke. He prefers to make his returns back-handed, and is, in fact, the strongest exponent of back-hand I have seen, some of his placing in that style during the week being remarkable. He keeps the head of the racket, on these strokes, higher than the hand, and the entire racket in consequence is about horizontal, whereas all our players maintain an almost vertical racket.

Pim and Chace were the following pair. Pim gave the impression of not caring to exert himself, moving over the court in an indifferent, apparently careless way, which reminded one strongly of R. D. Sears, and yet few balls passed him. His form is not unlike Mahoney's, with a little less cut and a great deal more power. Chace played steadily, but lobbed short continually, giving Pim repeated opportunities to work in his most effective and killing stroke. The American succeeded in getting one set, but Pim had him at his mercy the other two.

Mahoney on the second day's play defeated Larned, 6-3, 7-5, and gave a fine exhibition of clever backhand playing—such as our players never attempt. Hovey beat Hobart 3-6, 6-1, 6-4 in a match marked by brilliant and feeble tennis, and in which Hovey stuck to the back lines more than is usual with him. The rain made a heavy court for the last two sets, which operated in Hovey's favor, he being at his best and Hobart at his worst under such conditions. In the Pim-Larned match the latter was a plaything for his opponent, who won 6-3, 6-1, showing marvellous accuracy and seeming content to let Larned beat himself, which the latter speedily did. Chace caught Hovey below his best form, and won, 6-2, 2-6, 6-2, but showed a strong defensive game and some very pretty lobbing.

The great match of the week, however, in singles, was that between Hobart and Pim. More brilliant work than Hobart's has probably never been seen on a tennis-court. He played as one inspired, never letting down in his form from first to last. It was the strongest game he has ever shown, his severe drives being unusually accurate, and his volleying and smashing simply unbeatable. For the first time in the tournament Pim seemed a bit unnerved, and was utterly unable to stem the force of Hobart's attack, which appeared to grow stronger as the match progressed, his last games being scored on clean places, and the two sets going to him with the score of 7-5, 6-3. After the trouncing the American players had been receiving all week, Hobart's win over the English champion was exceedingly gratifying, and showed the possibilities of the American game when not handicapped by unsteadiness. Pim's form was not so strong as he had shown in other matches, but no play of his at West New-



LORD DUNRAVEN'S "VALKYRIE III.", CHALLENGER FOR "AMERICA'S" CUP.

ton during the week was good enough to have beaten Hobart on that day.

Immediately following this exhibition of an "on" day of our brilliant play was the Mahoney-Hovey match, in which the latter showed how little may be expected on an "off" day. Hovey had all the best of it in the first part of the match, and led with two games love, in the second set, at which time his brilliancy took wings and he weakened, while Mahoney made a corresponding brace, and won handily, 3–6, 6–4, 6–1. Mahoney showed excellent judgment in forcing Hovey's backhand and in keeping the American away from the net.

Hobart's next match did not end so successfully for him. He was evidently not in good physical condition when on Thursday he began playing Chace, and the latter's repeated lobbing, prolonging every rally, was the most effective method that could possibly have been employed to tire him. Hobart became exhausted, finally faint, and was obliged to retire, leaving Chace winner, 6–4, 4–2.

FOR THE SECOND AND LAST TIME in the tournament American tennis had another "on" day, when Hobart and Hovey met Pim and Mahoney in a doubles match for a special prize offered by the club. Hobart and Hovey are the doubles champions of America; Pim and Mahoney are, I believe, the Irish champions, and Pim partnered by Stoker won the English championship a year ago. Mahoney is about in Goodbody's class, which is several below Pim, who is the present English champion. The match at West Newton proved conclusively that while the play of our cracks may in singles be weakened by unsteadiness, in doubles their team-work is sufficiently superior to make amends for such defects. Probably no pair in Great Britain could defeat Hobart and Hovey. Pim and Mahoney were clearly outplayed from the very beginning at every point. Hobart and Hovey excelled in lobbing, driving, and smashing, their quick nervous strokes being better adapted to the doubles game than the slow accurate drives of the Irishmen, while the American weakness in backhand strokes was not so telling as in singles. Pim and Mahoney did not seem to hit it off well together, and at times were apparently at a loss how to handle the terrific drives and smashes of their opponents. Hobart and Hovey, on the other hand, were at their best always; they never played so well, sustaining their brilliancy throughout the match, and winning, 7–5, 6–4, 6–1.

WHEN CHACE MET MAHONEY he attempted, by lobbing, to wear out the Irishman as he had Hobart; but Mahoney's smashing was too good and his reach too long; then Chace tried driving from the base-line, but Mahoney returned them nearly just over the net with his effective cut, and where Chace could not reach them. It was an interesting match, but proved the undoubted superiority of Mahoney, who won, 6–3, 1–6, 6–4. Pim easily defeated Hovey, 6–3, 6–4, in a tame contest, and this left the two visitors tied for first honors. In their first match Pim won, 5–7, 6–2, 6–3, and in the second he was again the victor, 6–8, 4–6, 6–4, 6–3. Mahoney's work very nearly approached brilliancy in the second match, and was always the more steady of the two; but Pim's accurate placing, his judgment, and clean forehand drives gave him the victory on both occasions, and clearly proved him the better player, and worthy the champion's title.

STANDING OF PLAYERS.

Player.	Won.	Lost.	Player.	Won.	Lost.
Pim	5	1	Hovey	2	3
Mahoney	4	2	Hobart	1	4
Chace	3	2	Larned	1	4

THE WOMEN'S SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIPS at Wissahickon Heights, although bringing out no new players of skill, showed excellent form among the old ones, especially in the Brooklyn contingent, which carried off all three championships. Miss Juliette P. Atkinson, of the Kings County Tennis Club, proved invincible, as expected, winning the championship in singles, the women's doubles with Miss Hellwig, and the mixed doubles with Edwin P. Fischer. Miss Atkinson beat Bessie Moore, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, who, in 1892, played a close five-set match against Miss Cahill for the championship in the final round—score, 6–3, 7–5, 1–6, 6–0—and then defeated Miss Helena Hellwig, also of the Kings County Tennis Club, and the holder of the championship, in three straight sets, 6–4, 6–1, 6–2.

Miss Atkinson undoubtedly plays better all-round tennis than any woman who has entered the championship lists for the past five or six years. She has the strength of several of her predecessors, minus their respective weaknesses; while she does not play off the ground so fast as Miss Cahill, lob equal to Miss Hellwig, return everything as could Miss Moore, or show the judgment of Miss Roosevelt, her all-round form excels any one of them. Her knowledge of the game is good, and I shall look for much improvement. She is sure and occasionally brilliant in all of the strokes that go to make up good tennis, though no one stroke particularly, unless it be her forehand drive off the ground, does she execute *par excellence*.

WHAT WITH THE LAUNCHING OF *Defender*, and *Valkyrie III.* playing fast and loose with the hopes of Englishmen, yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic are kept busy speculating on the outcome of the international struggle for the *America's* Cup. Although *Defender* is not yet rigged and *Valkyrie III.'s* performances have been insufficient to give us any trustworthy line on her actual merit, yet the two yachts have been compared with much seriousness, and the international race sailed to the satisfaction of critics here and in England. Well, after all, probably the greatest pleasure of these struggles for the blue ribbon of the ocean is in the opportunity it gives for preliminary discussion at the clubs and through the columns of the press. There is an instructive side to it too, for it is by the exchange of ideas and airing of opinion that we broaden our views and increase our knowledge and interest. Not more than a dozen years ago the discussion of water-line lengths and sail areas was beyond all save the comparatively few yachtsmen that kept the sport alive; since then clubs and owners have multiplied, and we really have become quite a yachting nation. Probably no single cause has had more direct influence in the change than these international contests for the *America's* Cup.

OF ALL THE RACES that have been sailed for this world's championship trophy, certain it is that the one forth-coming will command greater interest from the learned (in yachting) than any previous one. Hitherto the challenging and defending yachts have been distinctly the embodiments of their respective country's ideas of what should constitute racing craft. They have been "types" constructed emphatically on English and on American lines. This year both Mr. Watson and the Herreshoffs have departed from home traditions, and we recognize in *Valkyrie III.* and *Defender* qualities heretofore peculiar to one or the other national type. *Valkyrie* shows the breadth of beam which has always characterized American racers, while her sail spread is patterned after American rigging, and in area excels anything we have ever attempted. Curiously enough, too, she seems very tender in a whole-sail breeze, whereas in all past matches it has been the American that lay down to the wind, while the English yacht stood up like a house. *Defender* has forsaken that American accompaniment to racing craft, the centreboard, and is a true keel, though with a Yankee termination in the lead bulb. Figures are impossible to obtain, but she seems narrower in beam than those that have gone before her. The greatest departure, however, is in the lines of the forebody. Mr. Herreshoff seems to have abandoned the *Vigilant* bow, and produced a compromise between *Colonia* and Dunraven's *Valkyrie II.* The lines suggest equal power, but greater ease in a sea, and we are not likely to see *Defender* pounding the waves as did *Vigilant* in the last *America's* Cup race.

"DEFENDER" INDEED SEEMS TO BE an improved *Colonia*, with the exception that the long straight keel—which has characterized the Herreshoff models—has been replaced by one more nearly approaching the continuous curve of the Watson type. She is by far the handsomest defender the Herreshoffs have turned out. It is impossible to give exact figures as to her dimensions, which are known only to those immediately interested in her. The length over all is approximated at 124 feet; the water-line length is, of course, just under 90 feet; beam, said to be about 23 ft. 6 in.; and the draught between 18 and 19 feet. Her boom is 100 feet; mast from deck to hounds 72 feet; topmast, 60 feet; gaff, 62 feet—all estimated. She has been built utterly regardless of expense, and her bottom, from the water-line down to a foot below the lead keel, is plated with manganese bronze, which shone like burnished gold on the day of her launching. The top sides are plated with aluminium, and there is not a bit of wood or metal in her that is not of the very best workmanship.

Just at the moment the work of rigging her is going forward day and night, and she is expected to be ready for a trial shortly. Meanwhile work is also progressing on *Vigilant's* keel, which is being entirely renewed and deepened, and *Jubilee* is making ready for the races that are to give us a line on *Defender's* qualifications for bearing the honor of meeting the English challenger.

It is not too much to say that the meeting between *Defender* and *Vigilant* will create interest very little short of the actual international struggle, since through her sailing against *Britannia* last season, and the latter's showing against *Valkyrie III.* this season, we may arrive at trustworthy conclusions concerning *Defender's* chances of keeping the cup on this side of the Atlantic.

"VALKYRIE III.'S" PERFORMANCE THUS FAR has given us very little by which to judge her all-round racing quality. She seems to be remarkably fast in light and fluky airs, and tender in a whole-sail breeze. There is some occasion for our uneasiness in her speed in light air, as, it may be remembered, such conditions prevail more often than not during autumn off the Hook, at least the greater number of international races have been sailed under such conditions. Still we have yet to see what that highly polished bronze bottom of *Defender's* will do for her in light air. It seems as if she ought to slip through the water with only enough wind to fill a handkerchief. If we can judge anything by appearances, *Defender* ought to be easier and much faster in a seaway than *Vigilant*, and the lines of her under-water body and the bronze bottom suggest that her superiority will be even greater in light airs. However, we shall know very shortly just how much better she is on all points of sailing, and until then we can only speculate. Meanwhile it is well to bear in mind that *Valkyrie III.'s* three-minute beating by *Britannia* over a fifty-mile course is not to be taken as gauging the merits of the challenger in a whole-sail breeze.

THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB opened the season on the Fourth with a very interesting and successful regatta. Despite the inclement weather there was a fleet of about 160 yachts anchored off the club-house on the morning of the race, and very few of the entries failed to start. The great interest of the day was centred in W. Gould Brokaw's new Cary-Smith schooner *Amorita*, and her performance created a decided sensation. Although her sails had been bent but a few days before, and her crew comparatively green, she not only defeated *Elsemarie* by over six minutes corrected time, but came very near catching *Emerald*. Mr. Cary-Smith's yachts never fail of being fast and stanch, but he seems to have surpassed all previous efforts in his latest production. What *Amorita* will do when tuned up must be left to the imagination; but if her work at Larchmont is any criterion, the schooner events of the season will not be lacking in exciting racing. *Emerald* sustained her reputation by leading the fleet throughout the course, and won for Mr. Maxwell double honors—the prize of her class and a leg on the Commodore's Cup. *Iroquois*, an ideal cruising schooner, won over *Mayflower*; *Katrina* beat *Huron*, and was in turn defeated by *Queen Mab*. *Constellation*, which seems to lose none of her good qualities with age, won a handsome victory over *Ramona*.

The work of the race committee left nothing to be desired, and the regatta proved one more of those successes which seem invariably to distinguish the Larchmont Club's efforts.

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE CHALLENGE to Harvard-Yale for a track-athletic competition, which Harvard declined, has been accepted by Yale. If Yale insists, however, on October 5th as the date of meeting, a contest is uncertain, it being difficult for Oxford or Cambridge athletes to be away from their university at that time, as the Yale men most active in these international ventures ought to have known from their trips to the other side. Granted, however, that Yale is willing to advance the date to the middle of September, I am doubtful if we shall see a meeting this year. Harvard's fanciful and entirely unexpected position, as set forth in her letter, must have been somewhat of a facer to the Englishmen, who, from positive ignorance of us, had, by reason of my efforts while on my "Sporting Pilgrimage," and Yale's subsequent appearance in London, grown to a belief in our sportsmanship and our desire to encourage international athletics. As far back as I can remember, a boat-race or any athletic meeting with Oxford or Cambridge has always been the dearest wish of Harvard and Yale men. Scarcely an American university man visited England that did not talk the matter over with such English university men as he happened to meet. Both Oxford and Cambridge have been gradually becoming acquainted with us, and when at last an American 'varsity track-athletic team appeared at Queen's, it was regarded as the beginning of occasional international university meetings. Following out the spirit, Oxford and Cambridge sent a joint challenge to the two leading American universities, Harvard and Yale—the only two, one may say, they have known in athletics—believing it to be quite the wish of Americans as well as of themselves. Meanwhile Harvard and Yale have had one of those babyish squabbles that neutralize their claims to sportsmanship; and on receipt of the challenge Harvard suddenly discovers that her claims of past years are all at fault, that in six months the work and prestige of her lifetime have been undone, that she is no longer one of the two leading universities in America, and must "avoid all semblance of a spirit of exclusiveness toward our sister universities."

HARVARD'S LETTER OF REFUSAL.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
U. S. A., *June 24, 1895.*

Messrs. W. J. Oakley and F. S. Horan, Presidents of the University Athletic Clubs of Oxford and Cambridge:

DEAR SIRS,—Your letter of June 10th, inviting Harvard University to unite with Yale University in meeting the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in an athletic competition in this country next autumn, has been referred to the Harvard Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports. We appreciate highly the courtesy of your invitation, and it is with much regret that we feel obliged to forego the pleasure of the proposed competition.

We could hardly accept your invitation without assuming, in appearance at least, that Harvard and Yale occupy the prominent position among American universities which is held among English universities by Oxford and Cambridge. As there is no foundation in fact for such a pretension, we think it better for university athletics in this country, as well as for university interests in general, that we should not lend any countenance to it, and that we should, furthermore, avoid all semblance of a spirit of exclusiveness toward our sister universities. Nor, considering the narrow ground of athletic skill, can we forget that in the latest competition among American universities Harvard won only the third place.

As a matter of general principle it seems to us that international student competitions would be best arranged either between two groups of universities fairly representing the general body of students in each country, or else between single universities on each side. We regret that you were not free to accept the invitation of the American Inter-collegiate Association, and we are especially sorry if any misconception as to our attitude in regard to that invitation influenced you in declining it. We should be pleased if, even now, you were disposed, with Yale's concurrence, to arrange for a competition on the basis of that invitation.

If we should be fortunate enough in some future year to win on this side of the water the leadership in the track athletics, which this year belongs so unquestionably to Yale, we shall hope to have the pleasure of competing with one of you as the winner of the Oxford-Cambridge games. Very truly yours,

JAMES B. AMES,
Chairman Harvard Committee.

ENGLISH 'VARSITY MEN WILL SCARCELY UNDERSTAND this entire change of front, nor are they likely to try and fathom it. They may wonder, where sportsmanship is the sole requisite, at the necessity of a university circumlocution office, but will conclude Harvard does not care to meet them, and that will end the matter. It must, however, create a check in the movement that was going forward slowly but certainly to reciprocal relationship for sport. No American college-man of even the most pretentious institution would or does question the entire propriety of Oxford-Cambridge meeting Harvard-Yale. Harvard and Yale cannot, of course, represent the United States as Oxford and Cambridge do England. Considering the vast difference in area and population between England and the United States, the suggestion is ridiculous. Harvard and Yale do, however, occupy the "prominent position among American universities which is held among English universities by Oxford and Cambridge," Harvard's letter to the contrary notwithstanding, and as such, and for the sake of the lessons in sportsmanship, of which we stand in such sorry need, and which the English are fully qualified to give us, it is indeed too bad the Englishmen's challenge could not have been received and accepted in the same sportsmanlike spirit in which it was sent.

YALE'S ACCEPTANCE.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, MADISON SQUARE,
NEW YORK, *July 1, 1895.*

W. J. Oakley, President of the Oxford University Athletic Club; F. S. Horan, President of the Cambridge University Athletic Club:

DEAR SIRS,—We very much regret that Harvard, for reasons which are satisfactory to that university, feels unwilling to join us in accepting the joint challenge of Oxford and Cambridge to Harvard and Yale for a match in track athletics in the United States this autumn.

The action of Yale in response to your challenge is as follows:

We accept the challenge upon the condition that the three-mile run (a race which is unknown at our universities) be dropped from the list of events as proposed in your letters; that the English team and the Yale team be each represented by two competitors in each event, and that the teams be composed of men who shall have been eligible to compete, the Englishmen in the Oxford-Cambridge match of this year, and the Yale men in the Harvard-Yale match of this year.

We suggest Saturday, October 5th, for the date of the match, and New York city for the place.

If, because of Harvard's unwillingness to join Yale this year in such a match as the one proposed by your universities, Oxford and Cambridge deem it unwise to jointly meet Yale, unassisted by Harvard, Yale hereby challenges the winner of this year's Oxford-Cambridge match to a contest to take place in New York city at the time and under the conditions named above.

L. P. SHELDON,
Captain Yale Athletic Association.
C. H. SHERRILL, JUN.,
Chairman Graduate Advisory Committee on Track Athletics.

If Yale's challenge is considered, it will be by Cambridge, as winner in the Oxford-Cambridge (5 events to 4) games on the 3d. We are asking a great deal in expecting the withdrawal of the three-mile event; it is regular on all English school and college programmes, and a legitimate distance. It ought to be on our programme in place of that utterly useless and tiresome walking event.

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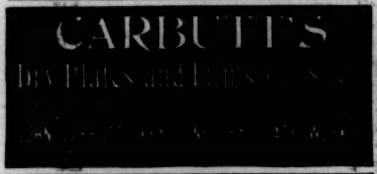

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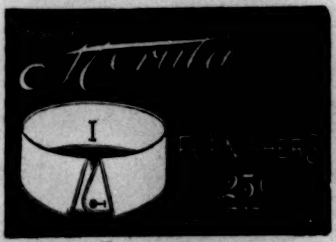

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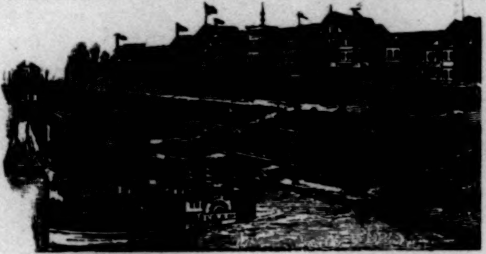

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